

WATKINS
—
TALES
OF THE
TRIPOD
—
BALTIMORE
1821





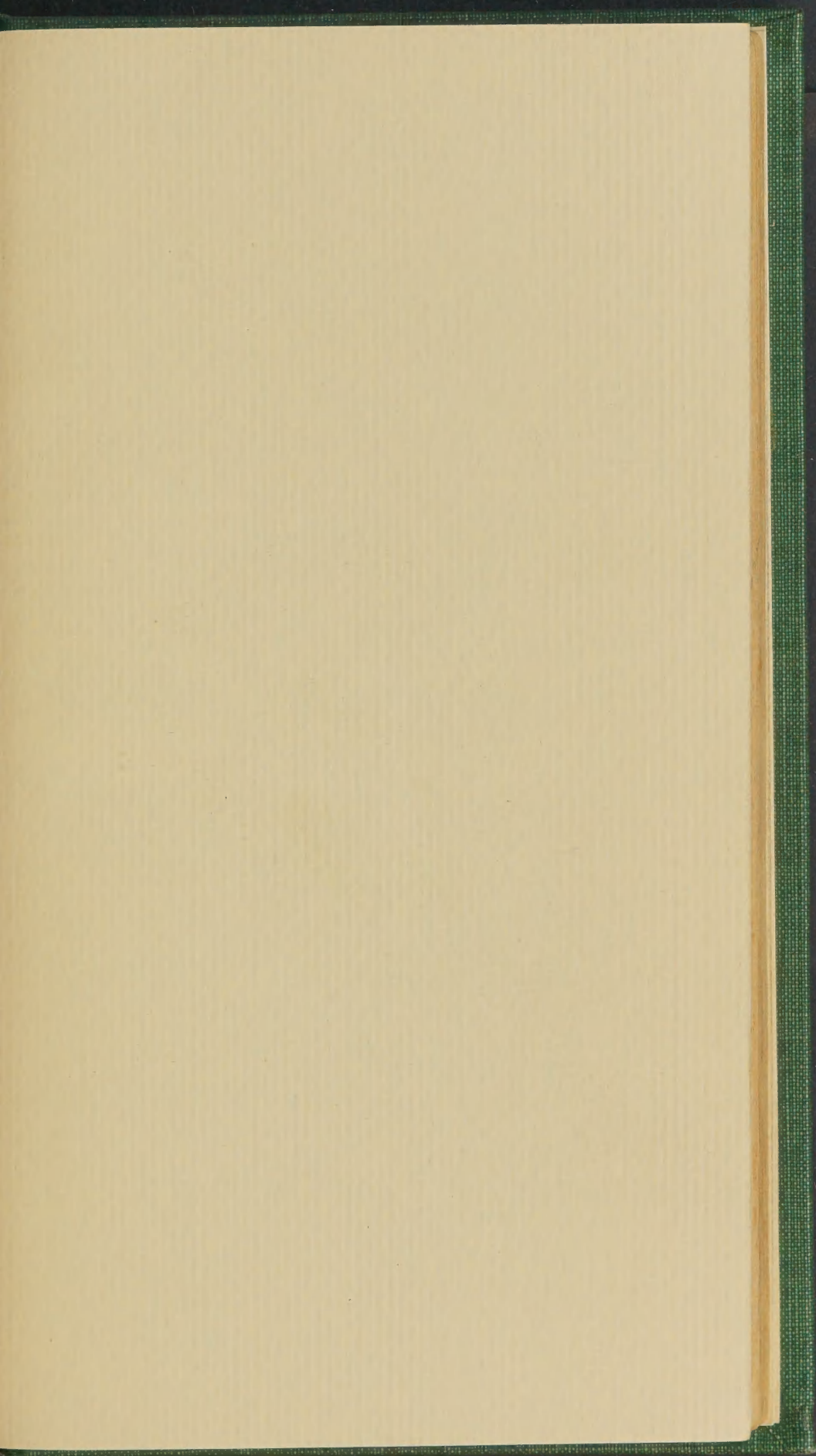


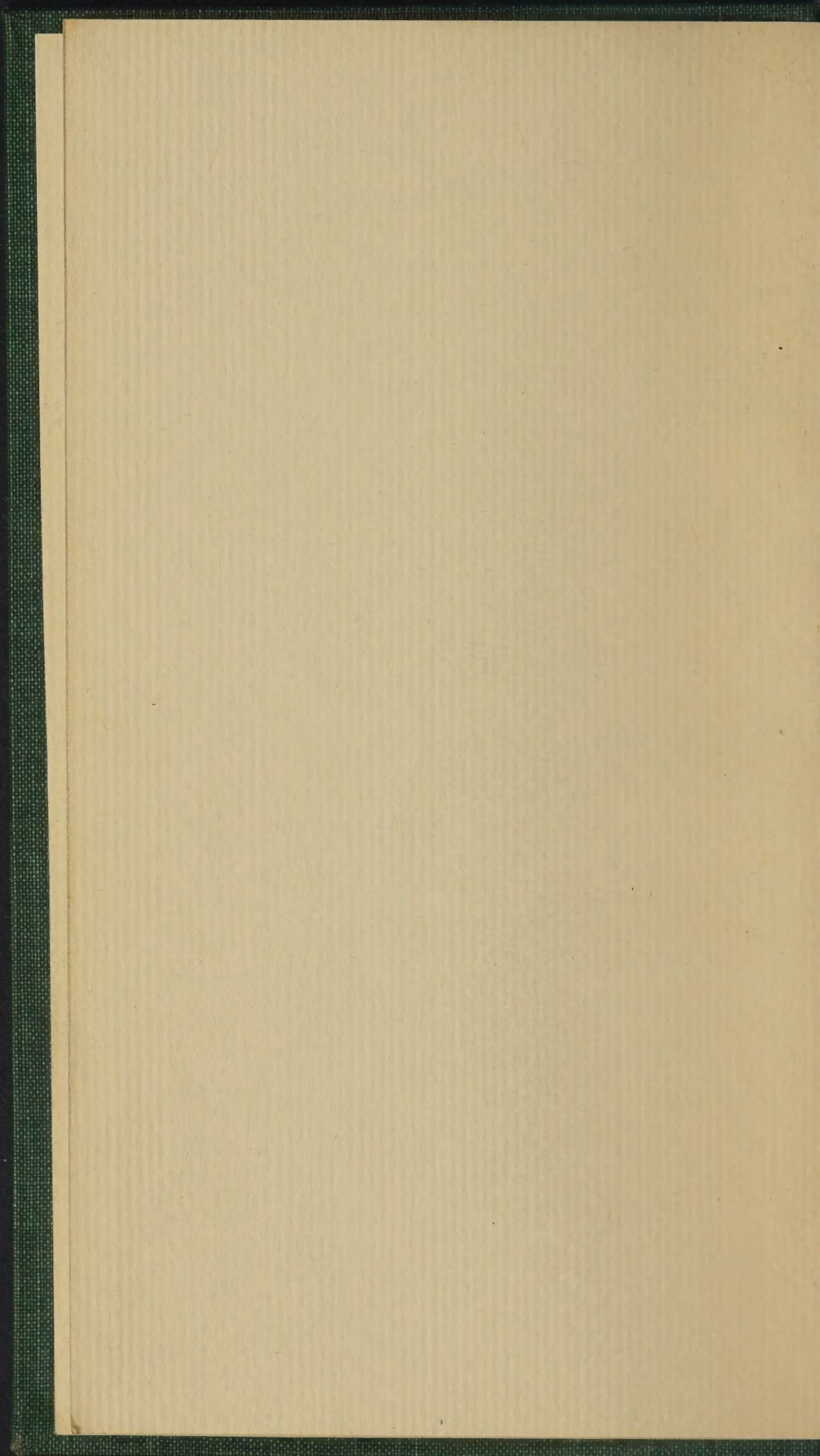
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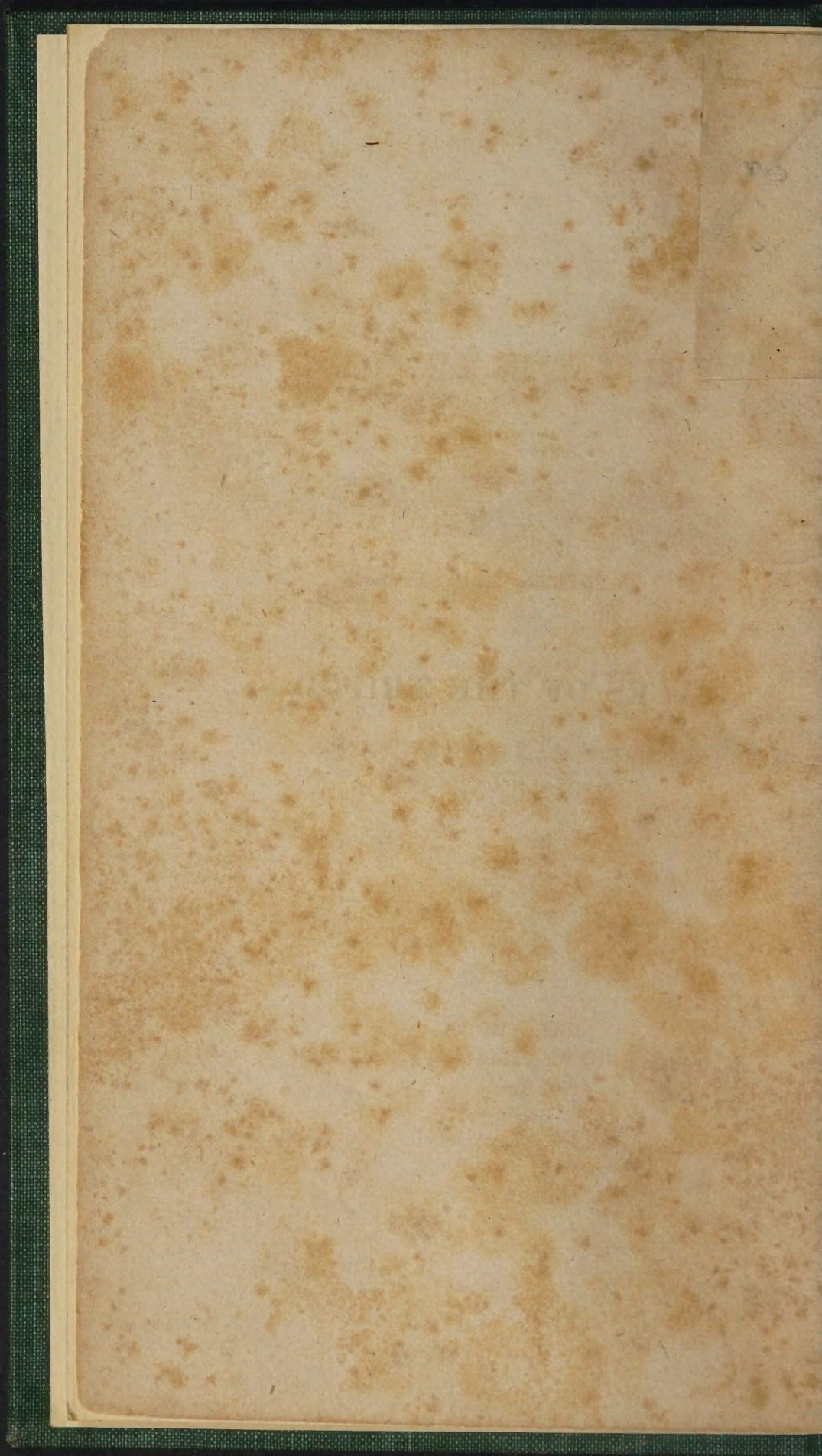
1821

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TALES OF THE TRIPOD.



TALES
OF
THE TRIPOD;

OR A
Delphian Evening.

BY PERTINAX PARTICULAR.

For Tobias M. H. H. H.

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY FIELDING LUCAS, JR.
J. ROBINSON, PRINTER.

1821.

DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, ss,

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this Thirty First day of July, in the
**** forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America,
****SEAL**** Fielding Lucas, Jr. deposited in this office, the Title of a Book, the right
**** whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words and figures following,
to wit:

" Tales of The Tripod ; or a Delphian Evening. By Pertinax Particular."

In conformity to an Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, " An
Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts,
and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein
mentioned," and also to the Act, entitled, " An Act supplementary to the Act,
entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of
Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the
times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Design-
ing, Engraving, and Etching, historical and other prints."

PHILIP MOORE.

Clerk of the District of Maryland.

5485

A PREFACE,

WHICH may, or may not be read, at the option of the purchaser, since it contains only a little secret history of book-making, which concerns nobody, but the author and his bookseller. All the world, that is to say, every body that calls, or sends, to purchase this little volume, must have heard of the *Delphian Club*. It is a very "ancient and reputable" knot, of the *best fellows in the world*, as notorious for their love of fun, as Delphi was for the truth of its oracles, and as fervent in their worship of Apollo, as the *flamines* who ministered in his temples. But stop : there are secrets in the club, and I must not open the doors of the fane too wide, lest they should pop out and set the world in a flame.

All that it concerns the purchaser of this volume to know—the *borrowing* reader has no right to any information about it—is, that it is the custom, at every hebdomadal session of the club, for any member who has had the time or inclination during the week, to cater for the general stock, to spread the fruits of his toil upon the table ; in other words, to read his production, with an audible voice, to the company ; and it so happens, from the courteous disposition of the club, that a meeting seldom passes, without other company than the members. Whatever may be the *length* or *character* of the production, it is always heard to the end, or rather *read* to the end ; for *one* of the members, makes it a rule to fall asleep, if the piece exceeds the true epigrammatick dimensions of *four lines* :—the reader, how-

ever, does not always get on without interruption. Criticism stops him in the midst of a sentence, whether to approve or censure; and if a word is uttered, susceptible of a *pun*, the strongest interest of the most affecting story is forgotten, till the changes are rung through all the modes and tenses of the pun.

Under such circumstances, and in the presence of the bookseller, the following frivolities made a part of one of the Delphian evening's amusements. When the writer had finished reading them, which did not happen until after the epigrammatist had had three long naps, and a good supper, the bookseller, who, to do him justice, was the only attentive man of the company—but that, perhaps, arose from the circumstance of his being a visitor, and therefore bound in com-

mon civility to lend a listening ear ;—the bookseller, I say, whether he meant any thing more than a sort of compliment after the manner of booksellers to an author, a mere “thank you, Sir, for the entertainment,” or was really serious, is a matter, at present, of no consequence, except that if he was *not* serious, he has been confoundedly *bit* for his politeness :—the bookseller, after the lecture aforesaid was ended, turning to the reader, said : “I really think they ought to be *published*.”

“But they must be *printed* first, and that requires what authors seldom have to spare, money.”

“Oh, as to that,” (replied the good-natured bookseller—by the way, he is one of the best fellows belonging to the trade, and *I take this opportunity*, as uncle Jerry always says in his let-

ters, to recommend him to the *patronage* of distressed authors, as well as rich purchasers of books :) “as to *that*, I’ll print it and publish it too.”

“And give me the profits?”

“*Share* them with you—will not that satisfy you?”

“Yes! perfectly; here, take the manuscript, and do as you please with it.”

“But, I must have a title, and a preface.”

“It will be time enough for *that*, you know, when the *Tales* are printed: the *preface*, is always a *postscript*—you shall have both before the printer finishes the first tale.”

“Very well.”

But the truth is it did not turn out *very well* for the bookseller; for the *Tales* have been told for months—the printer has been outrageous at having

almost a whole fount of type standing in *forms*—the bookseller has been scolding and praying by turns—the printer's devil has been out of breath a hundred times in running for “the copy”—and here lies the Preface still upon the author's table. But it was the bookseller's fault after all. What could he want with a Preface? Not one reader in a thousand ever looks at it; for he knows, that ninety-nine times in a hundred, it has no more to do with the matter of the volume, than Napoleon has with the crown of France.

Well, thanks to my *industry*, there is so much of it done.—But I was near forgetting the principal object of it, which is, to say that the first tale, entitled “Adventures of a Watchman,” is taken from an anonymous German correspondent of the

“*Neesefruchte.*” It pleased me, and *I did it into English*, expressly to amuse the Delphian Club. It is the only story in the book worth reading ; for the other two are *originals*, and what is worse, *fragments* as they now appear--for they contained much that the *Delphian laws* obliged me to strike out, before they went into the hands of the printer ; and are thus made almost unintelligible, except to those who are conversant with the nature of the Club, for whose amusement they were written.

There is another thing the *purchaser* ought to know,—but he ought to know it before he makes his purchase, or he may complain of a trick ; I shall trust, however, to the bookseller’s honesty to tell him, that a certain number of pages, I believe *twelve*, were left in the *beginning*, to

be filled by this *ending*. Now I find it impossible to fill twelve pages with a preface, in the *type* of the rest of the book, and shall therefore give orders to the printer to use another font, large *pica* for instance, or *long primer*, so as to *stretch* the matter as far as possible; or he may leave, as Sterne did, a number of blank pages, just as he may happen to prefer the one or the other.

“GO LITTLE BOOK!”

SYLVESTER EVE,

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF A WATCHMAN.

CHAP. I.

It was on the evening of the last day of the year, about nine o'clock, that Mother Katy, the old Watchman's wife, pushed back the window shutter, and put her head out into the night air. The snow was falling in large and silent flakes, reddened by the reflected light of the windows, upon the streets of the city. She saw the merry citizens running to and fro; some busily employed, in the still well lighted shops and stores, in purchasing new-years' presents; others coursing it along to the coffee-houses and grog shops, to parties and to dancing rooms, and all determined, that the old and the new year, should have a joyous wedding.

But as the large, cold flakes of snow, fell upon her nose, she drew back her head, closed the window, and said to her old man: "Stay at home to-night, father, and let Philip go in your place, for it snows as if heaven and earth were coming together, and, you know, the snow will do no good to your old bones. The streets will be alive all this night, for there's feasting and dancing in every house, and a great many Masks are to be seen. Our Philip will not feel the time pass heavy."

Old Gottlieb, with a nod of his head, replied: "Mother, I will do as you say. My barometer, this wound upon my knee, predicted to me two days ago, that there would be a change of weather. It is but right the son should lighten the labour of his father, particularly as he must some day fall heir to my place."

It is here proper to mention, that old Gottlieb had been formerly a sergeant-major in one of his king's regiments, until at the storming of an enemy's fort, which he was

the first to mount, he was wounded in the knee. His captain, who entered the fort, after it had surrendered, was thanked and rewarded for his heroism, on the field of battle. The poor sergeant-major was obliged to be content to escape alive, with a broken leg. Charity obtained for him the post of schoolmaster, for he was quite a knowing man, knew how to read pretty well, and could write a tolerable hand. But when the affairs of the school began to prosper, the Master's birth was taken from him, and bestowed upon a young man, who could neither write nor read, nor reckon, as well as he could, because he happened to be the protégé of one of the Trustees. The poor dismissed Gottlieb was then advanced to the dignity of Watchman; and his son Philip, who was a journeyman gardener, was associated with him.

Thus did this little household procure their miserable subsistence. But Katy was an excellent economist and housewife, and old Gottlieb a true philosopher, who could be happy and contented with a little.

Philip earned his daily bread from the gardener, in whose service he was; and when he carried home the flowers that were ordered, to the houses of the rich, he never failed to receive a little dram-money. He was a smart handsome fellow of six-and-twenty, and the ladies, purely on account of Philip's looks, used to give him a larger share than to any body else, who did not happen to be quite as *good-looking*.

Wife Katy had already thrown her cloak around her, to go out to the gardener's for her son, when he stepped into the room. "Father," said Philip, as he gave a hand to each of his parents, "it snows, and this snowy weather will do you no good. I'll take your place to night, if you will, and do you lie down and sleep." "Thou art a brave lad," said the old Gottlieb. "And I have been thinking," continued Philip, "that, as to morrow is new year's day, I might stay and dine with you, and make myself comfortable. But, may be, good mother, thou hast no *roast* in the kitchen."

“That I have not,” said mother Katy, “but I have something else: half a pound of beef, and potatoes and peas and rice, for soup. And I have a couple of flagons of beer, too, for drink. Do thou only come, Philip; we can live well to-morrow. Next week the new-year’s wages will be paid to the Watchmen, and then we shall live finely.”

“So much the better for you. But have you paid the house rent yet?” asked Philip. Old Gottlieb shrugged his shoulders. Philip laid some money down upon the table, and said: “There are two-and-twenty florins that I have saved. I can do very well without them. Take them as a new year’s gift, and then we can all three enter upon the new year, happy and light-hearted. God grant, you may continue throughout it, sound and merry! Heaven will take care of the rest, for you and me too.”

Mother Katy, with tears in her eyes, embraced her son. His father said: “Philip,

thou art indeed the prop and stay of our old age. God will reward thee for it. Continue to be honest, and to love thy parents, and be assured, a blessing will not fail to light upon thee. I can wish thee nothing better for the new year, than that thy heart may be preserved pure and sound. That is in thine own power. Then thou wilt be rich enough. Then thou wilt have thine own heaven in thy conscience."

Thus spoke old Gottlieb, and having taken down the old family book, and entered a memorandum of the sum of two and twenty florins, he continued: "Thou hast now almost paid off all that thou hast cost me when a child. We have now received and used of thy savings 370 florins." "370 florins!" exclaimed mother Katy, in astonishment, and turning tenderly to Philip, she said in a tremulous voice: "Child of my heart, thou hast grieved me: aye, thou hast grieved me sorely. For hadst thou laid up this sum that thou hast been able to spare, thou couldst now have purchased a bit of land, followed gardening on thine own ac-

count, and have married the good Rose. That's all over now ! but we are old ; and thou wilt not have us much longer to support."

"Mother," said Philip, and his brow contracted a little, "what art thou talking about? It is true, I love Rose, as I do my life. But I would give a hundred Roses for you and father. When you are gone, I shall find no more parents in this world ; but if it must be so, I can find many a Rose, though, among ten thousand, I should prefer Bittner's Rose."

"Thou art right, Philip," said the old man. "There is no necessity for loving or getting married ; but to honour and support poor old parents, is both necessity and duty. To sacrifice love and inclination for the happiness of parents, is filial gratitude. It will bring down a recompense from God, it will make thee rich in heart."

"If the time should not seem too long to the maiden, or if she should desert thee !"

said the good Katy—"For Rose is a handsome maiden, *that* every body must allow. It is true she is poor, but she will not want for suitors. She is virtuous, too, and understands housekeeping."

"Fear not, mother!" said Philip, "Rose has solemnly sworn to me, that she will have no other man but me, and that is enough. Her old mother has nothing to say against me. And if I was to day able to drive my own trade, and support a wife, to-morrow I should lead Rose to the altar, that I know. All that grieves me is, that the old woman has forbidden us to see each other as often as we wish. She says it does us no good. But I find, and Rose finds too, that it does us both a great deal of good. We are to meet to-night at 12 o'clock, at St. Gregory's church; for Rose spends the evening near there with one of her friends. And I shall see her safe home."

In the midst of this conversation, three quarters were struck by a neighbouring

clock. Philip took his father's watch coat from the warm stove, upon which the good old Katy had carefully laid it for him, threw it around him, took up his horn and halbert, wished the old people good night, and betook himself to his post.

CHAP. II.

PHILIP walked majestically along the snow-clad streets, through which as many people were wandering as in the day. Coaches were rolling to and fro. Almost every house was illuminated. Our Watchman was pleased at this merry life. He sung the 10th hour, blew his horn, and joyfully strutted along his prescribed rounds: thinking upon his beloved, with many a pleasant association, he approached the house, not far from St. Gregory's, where he well knew that his Rose was passing the time with her friend. "Now, (thought he,) she can hear me, now she is thinking of me, and forgets all around her. If she should not fail me at 12!"

When he had gone his rounds, he returned to the beloved house, and looked up at the illuminated windows of his Rose's

friend. At times he saw female figures at the window, and then would his heart beat quick. One might be his Rose. When the figures disappeared, he would dwell upon the lengthened shadows on the wall and ceiling, that he might discover which was Rose's, and what she was doing. It was certainly not very agreeable to stand in the cold and snow, to make observations. But what are cold and snow to a lover! And watchmen now a days love as romantically, as ever did tender knight, in former times, in ballads and romances.

He began for the first time to feel the cold, when the clock struck 11, and he was obliged to go again upon his rounds. His teeth chattered with the cold. He could scarcely cry the hour, and blow his horn. He would willingly have turned into some beer-house and warmed himself, if his duty had permitted.

As he was walking through a lonely alley, he was met by a solitary figure, a man with a black half mask before his face,

dressed in a cloak of scarlet silk, with a hat turned up at one side, and fantastically ornamented with a high, waving plume of feathers. Philip would have avoided the Mask; but the latter accosted him, with, "Hold, my fine fellow! where are you going? Tell me." "Into Mary street, (answered Philip,) to cry the hour." "Charming!" cried the Mask, "I must must hear that. I'll go with you. This is what one does not hear every day. Come, my pretty fellow, let me hear you. But let me see that you are a *Virtuoso*, or I shall not be pleased. Can you sing a jolly stave?"

Philip perceived that the gentleman was a merry fellow, and answered, "Better with a glass of wine in a warm corner, than here in the cold, which almost freezes the heart in my body." With this, he continued his way to Mary street, and sung, and blew his horn.

The Mask, who had accompanied him, said, "There's no art in that, I can do it as well, you simpleton! Give me your horn;

I'll sing and blow for you, and I'll astonish you, half to death." Philip, at the next stand, yielded to the entreaties of the Mask, and suffered him to blow and sing. It was done quite in order: so for the second, third, and fourth time. It seemed as if the Mask would never be tired of playing the Watchman, or of praising his own skill and dexterity. Philip laughed heartily at the extravagancies of this merry gentleman, who, he took it for granted, had just left some jolly company or other, or perhaps a ball, where he had taken a few more glasses of wine than usual.

"Do you know what it is, my fine fellow?" said he, "I have a great inclination to watch for a couple of hours. If you do not allow me the honour this time, I shall perhaps never have another chance in my life. Give me your cloak, and that broad-brimmed hat; and I'll give you my domino. You can go into some beer house, and drink a glass or two at my expense, and when you have done so, you can come back and give me my mask again. Then you get a couple

of dollars into the bargain. What say you, my jolly boy, heh?"

The Watchman had no great fancy for the change; but the Mask entreated so earnestly, that by the time they got to the next dark ally, the capitulation was concluded. Philip was almost frozen; and a good warm corner and something to drink, he thought, would do him no harm. He granted to the young gentleman, therefore, his *Vicariat*, for half an hour, that is to say, until 12 o'clock, when he was to meet him at the great gate of St. Gregory's, give up his hat, cloak, horn, and halbert, and take in exchange his own silk robe, mask, and plumed hat. He pointed out to him the four streets which composed his rounds.

"That's my fine fellow!" cried the overjoyed Mask, "I could almost kiss thee. You shall not repent this. At 12 o'clock be at the church to receive your fee. Yo hoiks! I'm a watchman!"

The dresses were exchanged: the Mask was converted into a Watchman. Philip

tied on the mask, put on the fine, feathered hat, and wrapped himself up in the long scarlet silk mantle. As he was leaving his substitute, it entered into his head, that the young gentleman might possibly commit some outrage that might sully the dignity of the Watch. He turned about to him once more, and said: "I hope you will not abuse my good nature, and commit any disorder, for that might bring me into trouble, and lose me my place."

"What are you thinking about? you simpleton!" cried the Vice-watchman, "Do you think I am ignorant of the duties of my office? Let me alone, for that. I am a Christian, like yourself. So, be off, or I shall cast my halbert between your legs. At 12, do you be at St. Gregory's, without fail, and return me my dress—Adieu!—This is a charming piece of fun for me!"

The new Watchman strutted off, as if proud of his office. Philip hastened towards a neighbouring beer house.

As he was turning the corner of a superb mansion, he felt himself touched by a person in a mask, who had just alighted from a coach. Philip stopped, and demanded, in a low, suppressed voice, according to masquerade fashion, what were his commands?

“Most gracious Lord,” replied the Mask, “in your reverie, you have passed the door—Will not your Royal Highness—”

“What? Royal Highness?” said Philip, laughing: “I am no highness. How comes that piece of wit into your head?”

The Mask bowed most respectfully, and pointed to the sparkling bouquet and plume in Philip’s hat: “I beg your pardon, if I transgress the privilege of Masks. But, in whatever costume you may choose to veil yourself, your noble figure must ever betray you. Be graciously pleased to lead the way. Do you dance? if I may be allowed the question.”

“ I dance !—No. You see I have boots on,” answered Philip. “ But you play ?” again asked the Mask.

“ Neither ; I have no money about me !” replied the Watchman.

“ Good heavens ! dispose of my purse, of every thing I have !” cried the Mask, as he offered a full purse to the astounded Philip.

“ But do you know who I am ?” asked the latter, as he pushed back the offered purse. The Mask, with a respectful bow, and in a whisper, replied : “ His Royal Highness, Prince Julian.”

CHAP. III.

AT this moment, Philip heard his Vicar, in a neighbouring street, calling the hour, in a clear and distinct voice. His metamorphosis now for the first time occurred to his mind. Prince Julian was well known in the city, as a wild, spirited, but amiable young man; and Philip had now no doubt, that it was he, who had taken it into his head, to change characters with him. "Now," said Philip to himself, "if he plays the Watchman well, I'll bring no disgrace upon my mask, but show him that I can at least play the Prince for half an hour. It will be his fault if I get into any scrape."—He wrapped himself closer in his scarlet mantle, made no longer any scruple of receiving the purse, which he put it into his pocket, and said: "Who are you, Mask? I'll return you your money in the morning."

“ I am the Chamberlain, Piltzow.”

“ Very well. Now lead on, I’ll follow you.” said Philip.

The Chamberlain obeyed, ascended the broad marble steps, and Philip pressed on behind him. They entered into an immense hall, illuminated by a thousand candles, whose lights were reflected from the walls by innumerable mirrors, and from the ceiling by pendant crystal chandeliers. A various group of masks, Sultanas, Tyrolese girls, caparisoned Knights, Petits Maitres, Cupids, Fauns, Monks, Jews, Medes and Persians, filled the saloon. Philip was for a time confused and dazzled. He had never in his life before seen such a spectacle. It was like a dream. In the middle of the room, hundreds of dancers were moving, in harmonious undulations, to the sound of the musick.

Philip, whom the genial warmth, which here breathed around him, soon relieved of his stiffness from the cold, was now so stiff with astonishment, that he scarcely return-

ed, with a nod, the salutations of various Masks as they passed him—at times playfully, at others respectfully, and at others confidentially.

The Chamberlain, whose dress he now discovered by the light, to be that of a Bramin, asked in a whisper, if he felt inclined to approach the card-table?

“Let me thaw myself first?” answered Philip: “I am frozen desperately.”

“A glass of warm punch, then?” said the Bramin, as he led him to a side room. The pseudo prince waited not to be entreated. One glass after another were swallowed. The punch was good; and its beneficent influence was soon felt in every vein of Philip.

“How happens it, Bramin, that you don’t dance to-night?” he asked the Chamberlain, as they re-entered the saloon. The Bramin sighed, and shrugged his shoulders: “Ah! my dancing and laughing days are over. The only one with whom I would

dance—the Countess Bonau—I thought she loved me!—Think of my despair.—Our families had agreed.—But suddenly she broke with me entirely.”

“Aye! Why, you astonish me!” cried Philip.

“Good heavens! Did not you know it?” sighed the Chamberlain, “The whole city are talking of it. It is now fourteen days since she deserted me. She would not even permit me to justify myself. Three letters she returned to me unopened. She is a sworn enemy of the Baroness Bloomingvale. I had promised her to avoid all intercourse with that lady. Only think of my misfortune: when the Queen went to Freydenwald, she appointed me the attendant of the Baroness—what was I to do? Could I object to it? It was in the height of the birth-day rejoicings of the divine Countess, I was compelled to go—she discovered it all—she knew not my heart!—”

“Well, well! Bramin, seize the present moment. This general rejoicing will reconcile matters. Is not the Countess here?”

“Do you not see her yonder, to the left, as a Carmelite, near the three black masks? She has laid by her mask. O my prince, your gracious intercession with her!” Philip, whom the punch had somewhat excited, thought, now here’s a chance of doing a good work! and without further ceremony approached the Carmelite. The Countess regarded him for a while earnestly, and with a blush, as he seated himself by her side. She was a beautiful maiden; though Philip soon remarked, that his Rose was ten thousand times handsomer.

“My Lady;”—he stammered out, and seemed a good deal confused, as she threw upon him her bright, speaking eyes.

“Prince,” said the Countess, “you were mischievous, an hour ago.”

“Fair Lady,” resumed Philip, “I am now the more serious for it.”

“So much the better; then I need not fly you now, Prince.”

“Charming Countess! permit me one question: Are you doing true penance for your sins in this Nun’s habit?”

“I have no sins to repent?”

“Ah, Countess! but your cruelty—your injustice to that tender Bramin, who droops yonder, as if deserted by every body.”

The fair Carmelite hung down her eyes, and seemed for a moment disturbed.

“Do you know, fair lady, that the Chamberlain is as innocent of the Freydenwald affair, as I am?”

“As you, Prince?” said the Countess, with her brows a little contracted, “what was it you said to me an hour ago?”

“You are right, dear lady, I was then full of mischief. You have said so yourself. But now I swear to you, the Chamberlain was ordered by the Queen, to go to Freydenwald, was compelled, against his will, to wait upon the hated Bloomingvale.—”

“The hated?” said the Countess, with a bitter sneer.

“Yes, *hated*!—he detests the Baroness. Believe me, his behaviour towards her almost exceeded the bounds of politeness, and had nearly got him into trouble. I know it; and know, that this was on your account. He loves you only, he adores you. And you—can you reject him?”

“How comes it, Prince, that you show so eager an interest for Piltzow? This did not use to be the case.”

“Because I knew him not before, and still less, his unhappy situation with you. I swear to you, he is innocent. You have no cause of complaint against him; but has he not against you?”

“Hush,” whispered the Carmelite, her countenance brightening: “we are observed, step this way.”—She replaced her mask, stood up, and gave her arm to the sup-

posed Prince. They both passed through the saloon, and entered a vacant cabinet. Here the Countess opened her budget of complaints against the Chamberlain; but they were only those of a jealous love. She wiped off a tear. At this moment, the tender Bramin entered, with timidity. A deep silence ensued. Philip knew not what to do better, than to lead the Chamberlain to the nun, put their hands into those of each other, and leave them to their fate, without saying a word. He himself returned to the saloon.

CHAP. IV.

HERE a Mameluke accosted him, saying, "It is well I find you, Domino. Is the rose girl in that cabinet?" saying this, he entered it, but returned again immediately, "One word with you, Domino," said he, and led Philip to a window in a distant part of the room.

"What are your commands?" asked Philip.

"I entreat you," said the Mameluke, with a suppressed, but angry voice, "where is the rose girl?"

"What have I to do with the rose girl?" said Philip.

"But I have," replied the Mameluke, whose voice and emotions betrayed the in-

ward workings of his soul. "But I have.—She is my wife—you will make me miserable. Prince, I beseech you, drive me not to madness. Give up the pursuit of my wife."

"Willingly," answered Philip, drily, "what have I to do with your wife?"

"Oh! Prince, Prince," cried the Mameluke: "I am resolved on all extremities, should it even cost me my life. Disguise yourself no longer before me. I have discovered the whole. Here—look—here is the billet, which my false wife put into your hand, and which you, before you had read it, dropt among the crowd."

Philip took the paper. With a pencil, in a female hand, were written the following words: "Change your mask. Every body knows you. My husband is watching you, but knows not me. If you are obedient, you shall be recompensed."——
 "Hem!" said Philip, "this was not written to me, as truly as I live. I have no concern about your wife."

“Heaven and Hell! Prince! drive me not to distraction! Know you not, who stands before you? I am the Marshal Broadsword. That you have been pursuing my wife, I have been no longer ignorant, since the last *ridotto* at the court.”

“My Lord Marshal,” replied Philip, “lay no blame to me, your jealousy blinds you. If you knew me well, you would not attribute such follies to me. I give you my honour, your wife’s repose shall not be disturbed by me.”

“Are you in earnest, Prince?”

“Entirely.”

“Give me a proof of it?”

“What proof do you desire?”

“You have hitherto, I am convinced, prevented her from travelling with me into Poland, to visit her relations. Persuade her now to do so.”

“Most readily, if that will serve you.”

“Oh! yes, yes, your Royal Highness! it will prevent the most horrible, the most inevitable calamity.”

The Mameluke continued to chatter for a long time, sometimes entreating, sometimes threatening, and at times almost weeping, so that poor Philip began to be alarmed, lest in his folly he might attract the notice of every body in the room; and that would have been no pleasant thing to him. He was glad therefore when the Marshal quitted him.

He had scarcely lost himself again amid the crowd of masks, when a female in a deep mourning habit, gave him a friendly pinch on the arm, and whispered,—“Whither, my butterfly? Have you no compassion for a lonely widow?”

Philip replied: “A fair widow finds generally but too many comforters; but may I dare count myself among the number of yours?”

“Why were you so obstinate as not to change your mask?” asked the widow, as she stepped aside with him, that they might converse more freely: “Do you suppose, Prince, that you are not known here to every body?”

“The folks are yet uncertain; they are mistaken in me.”

“Truly not, Prince; and if you do not change your dress, I will leave you for the whole evening, for I have no inclination to afford my good man an opportunity for a *scene* here.”

Philip now perceived with whom he was conversing. “You were the pretty rose girl; are the roses so soon withered?”

“What is there unchangeable? Particularly the fidelity of man. I could see how you sneaked off with the Carmelite. Confess your fickleness; you can no longer deny it.”

“Hem !” said Philip, coldly : “Do not complain of me, lest I retort.”

“As, for example, my pretty butterfly?”

“I can give you for example, no truer man, than the Marshal.”

“This is well. And I have done wrong, very wrong, in having too long listened to you. I reproach myself for it enough. He has found out our intercourse.”

“Ever since the last masked ball at the Court, fair widow !”

“Where you were somewhat too impetuous and indiscreet, my pretty Butterfly.”

“Let us repair the fault. Let us separate. I esteem the Marshal, and cannot bear to see him suffering on my account.”

The widow looked at him for a moment, without uttering a word.

“If you really have,” continued Philip, “a regard for me, show it by going into Poland with the Marshal, to see your relations. It is better for us not to see each other too often. A handsome wife, is a fine thing; but a faithful, virtuous wife, a much finer.”

“Prince!” cried the astounded lady: “are you in earnest? Have you never loved me, or have I been deceived?”

“You see,” said Philip, “I am a *tempter*, of my own sort—I seek among the women for truth and virtue, but have seldom found it. It is only the most faithful, and the most virtuous, that could attach me long; and therefore it is that I remain free. But, hold, no! let me not lie. *One* has indissolubly fixed me. But I am sorry to add, my lady, that *you*, are not that one.”

“You are in a horrible humour, Prince!” said the widow, while the trembling of her voice, and the heaving of her bosom, betrayed what she felt within.

“No,” answered Philip, “I am, as true as I live, in the very best humour with every body. I am only anxious to repair a foolish piece of business. I have promised it to your husband.”

“How!” cried the terrified widow: “have you then exposed every thing to the Marshal?”

“Not every thing; only what I was acquainted with.”

The widow turned about to the right, and to the left, in violent emotion. She wrung her hands. At length she asked: “Where is my husband?”

Philip pointed to the Mameluke, who was at that moment slowly pacing the room. “Prince!” said the widow, in a tone of unutterable passion, “Prince! may God forgive you, I never can. I did not believe the heart of man capable of such enormity. You are a traitor. My husband is a gentleman, in the guise of a Mameluke—you a

Mameluke, in the guise of a gentleman. In this world, we meet no more.”—With these words, she hastily and proudly turned her back upon him, went up to the Mameluke, with whom, as it was observed, she entered into a long, and serious conversation.

Philip laughed, and said to himself: “My substitute, the Watchman, may settle this business. I play my part pretty well, in his name. If he only continue it to-morrow as honestly, as I have begun!”—He entered among the dancers, and there saw with delight, the beautiful Carmelite by the side of her overjoyed Bramin. The latter no sooner perceived the scarlet robed Domino, than he kissed his hand to him, and shewed him by signs, how happy he had made him. Philip thought to himself —“What a pity I am not a Prince for my life time. The people should soon all be pleased with me. There is nothing in the world easier, than to be a Prince. With a single word I can do more, than the best Advocate with a long speech. He has the privilege of going straight forwards, and

speaking what he thinks. Aye, if I were a Prince, then should my Rose be——lost to me. No! I will not be a Prince.”

He looked at the hour, it was half past eleven. At this moment, the Mameluke returned to him in haste, drew him aside, and put a paper into his hands. “My Prince,” said he, “I could fall at your feet, and thank you in the dust. My wife and I are reconciled. You have broken her heart; but it has happened well. She consents to depart with me to night; and agrees to remain upon our estate in Poland. Wherever I may be, I shall only await your Royal Highness’ commands, to offer up my life for your service. My gratitude shall be eternal. Farewell!”

“Hold,” cried Philip, as the Marshal was hastening from him: “What am I to do with this paper?”

The Marshal replied: “It is my play debt of last week, which I had almost for-

gotten, and which my departure now reminds me of. I have endorsed the Bill to your Royal Highness." With these words, the Marshal disappeared.

CHAP. V.

PHILIP looked into the paper, saw something about five thousand florins, put it into his pocket, and thought to himself again : "What a pity it is, I am not a Prince."

At this moment some one whispered in his ear : "Your Royal Highness, we are both discovered ! I shall shoot myself."— Philip turned round, and saw the mask of a negro.

"What would you, Mask ?" asked Philip, coolly.

"I am Colonel Kalt," answered the Negro, in a whisper. "That miserable wife of the Marshal, has blabbed every thing to the Duke, and he is vomiting fire and flames against you and me."

“With all my heart,” said Philip.

“But the King knows every thing,” sighed the Negro, mournfully. “I shall, perhaps, be arrested this very night, and to morrow packed off to the Fortress. I had rather hang myself.”

“You would get nothing by that,” said Philip.

“Shall I give myself up to disgrace, for my life time? I am a lost man. The Duke will demand bloody satisfaction. His back is certainly still blue, from the blows I gave him. I am a lost man, and so is the baker girl. I’ll jump from the bridge and drown myself, this very night.”

“God forbid!” said Philip: “What have you and the baker girl to do with it?”

“Your Royal Highness is jesting, while I am in despair. I most humbly entreat you to grant me a moment alone.”

Philip followed the Negro into a solitary room, where a few candles shed a gloomy light around. The Negro threw himself, as if exhausted, upon a sofa, and sighed aloud. Philip found a table near him, with refreshment, and some excellent wine, which he chose to taste.

“I cannot conceive, how your Royal Highness can be so calm, under this damnable affair!” said the Negro: “If that rascal, Salmoni, were only here, who played the exorcist! the scoundrel is full of artifice, from head to foot, and his cunning might possibly save us. But he has taken to flight.”

“So much the better!” said Philip, as he filled his glass again: “Then you can throw all the blame upon him. He is safe.”

“How throw it upon him? The Duke knows, that you, I, the Marshal’s wife, and the baker girl, were all in the trick, to play upon his superstition. He knows that

you employed Salmoni to lay the ghost; that I tutored the baker girl, with whom he was in love, to draw him into the snare; and that I was the ghost, who threw him on the ground, and beat him blue. Oh if I had not carried the joke so far!—But I wanted to bang out of him his love for my girl. It is a damnable business. I'll take poison."

"You had better take a glass of wine; it is good!" said Philip, as he helped himself to a fresh glass. "And in the first place, to be candid with you, my dear Colonel, I must say that, for a Colonel, I find you pretty much of a coward, to wish to shoot, hang, drown, and poison yourself, for a most ridiculous piece of business. Why, any one of them would be too much. In the second place, I must add, that I do not comprehend a word of what you have been saying, for an hour."

"I beg your Royal Highness' pardon, I know not whether I am on my head, or my heels. The Duke's gentleman—he is an old friend of mine—told me this moment,

in confidence, that the Marshal's lady, instigated by the devil, went to the Duke, and told him : that the farce at the Baker's, was got up by Prince Julian, because he refused his sister to you ; that she herself was the Witch, sent by the Princess to witness his superstition—that Prince Julian has the list of his debts, which he had thrown into the grave, out of which he was to draw the treasures, as well as his proposition to the baker girl, that after his marriage with the Princess, he would take her as a mistress, and ennoble her.—And that the ghost, who beat him, was Colonel Kalt, a crony of the Prince.—That all this was the cause of his marriage going backwards, &c. This is what she told the Duke, and then vanished."

Philip shook his head, and muttered : "Here's a pretty piece of business ! Such follies would disgrace even the most common people. What devilment, and no end to it!"

"No," said the Colonel, "There's no-

thing too outrageous for the Marshal's wife to commit. That woman must be a devil incarnate. Most gracious Lord, save me."

"Where is the Duke?" asked Philip.

"His gentleman says, that he jumped up immediately, and merely said—'I'll go to the King.' Only think, Prince, if he should go to the King, and tell him the story in his own way!"

"Is the King here, then?"

"Certainly. He is playing in the next room, with the Archbishop, and the Police Minister."

Philip paced the room with rapid strides. Here was a pretty affair! "Your Royal Highness," said the Negro, "Oh save me. It concerns your own honour. It will be light to you. But I am prepared for the worst, and at the first evil blast, shall be out of the country. I

am off. Tomorrow I shall expect your last orders how to conduct myself."—
With these words, the Negro disappeared.

CHAP. VI.

“IT is high time,” said Philip to himself, “that thou wert a Watchman again, Philip! Thou hast got thee and thy substitute into a terrible scrape here, from which neither his nor thy wisdom can save thee.—And is this all the difference between a Watchman and a Prince?—I would not give a fig for it. Good God! how many follies are committed here under Heaven’s canopy, by these gods of the earth, of which we poor fellows, with our spades, and our lasts, and our shuttles, never dreamed! One would have thought, that these gods led a life, like the angels, without sin, and without care. It’s a terrible trade! I have more follies to account for here in a quarter of an hour, than I have committed in my whole life.”

“So solitary, my Prince?” whispered a voice behind him: “I esteem myself fortunate, in having met with your Royal Highness for a moment alone.”

Philip turned around. It was a mask in gold, and silk, and jewels. “What do you want?” asked Philip.

“One moment only of your gracious attention!” answered the Mask: “It is of importance, and the result may perhaps please you.”

“Who are you, then, Mask, if I may be so bold?”

“Count Bottomless, Minister of Finance, at your Royal Highness’ service!” replied the Minister, and at the same time lifted his mask, to show a face, whose little eyes, and large hooked nose, seemed to be a second mask.

“Well, Count, what are your commands?” asked Philip, again.

“ May I speak freely ? I called on your Royal Highness three times to-day, but was not so fortunate as to be admitted. And yet—God is my witness—there is not a man in the whole Court who feels a more lively interest in your Royal Highness’ weal and wo, than I do.”

“ My Lord Count, I am much bounden to you ;” replied Philip : “ but what are your wishes ? Be brief.”

“ May I venture to speak of the house of Abraham Levi ?” asked the Minister.

“ As much as you please.”

“ He has been with me about the fifty thousand florins, which your Royal Highness owes him. He threatened to go to the King. And you know the promise you made to the King, when he last paid your debts ?”

“ Cannot the people wait ?” asked Philip.

“No, nor will the Brothers, the Goldsmiths, wait for the seventy-five thousand, which you are indebted to them.”

“It is all the same to me. If the men will not wait, why then I shall be obliged—”

“No rash resolution, my gracious Lord ! It is in my power to put every thing to rights again, if——”

“If what ?”

“If you will grant me your favour : if you will only lend me your attention for a moment. I hope to pay all your debts without trouble. The house of Abraham Levi, has amassed so considerable a quantity of grain, that the price of it is greatly enhanced. A prohibition of the importation from the neighbouring states, would raise it from double to treble its price. A license might then be given to Levi, and every thing would be straight. The house would pocket the florins, give credit to your account for the fifty thousand, and I should hand over to you

their acquittance. But every thing depends upon the circumstance of my being continued in the Ministry, for another year. Should the Baron Gripesack succeed in turning me out, then I shall have no power to accommodate this business for you, which is my most earnest desire. It remains then, with your Royal Highness, to abandon the party of Gripesack, and our game is won. For myself, it is a matter of indifference whether I remain in the Ministry, or not. Indeed, I most ardently long for repose. But I am by no means indifferent as it concerns your Royal Highness. If I am not to shuffle the cards, then the game is lost !”

Philip was doubtful for some time what answer to make to this proposition. At length, while the Minister, waiting for his reply, had drawn out his diamond snuff box, and was taking a pinch, Philip said : “ If I understand you rightly, my Lord Count, you would starve the country for a time, in order to pay my debts. Do you reflect what miseries you would occasion ? And will the King consent to it ?”

“If I remain in office, leave all the rest to me, most gracious Lord. As soon as the provision is advanced, the King will of himself immediately think of the embargo, and prohibit the exportation, under heavy penalties. Then comes Levi’s License, &c. &c. There is nothing easier than that. But, as I said, if Gripesack comes to the helm, nothing can come of it. A year must pass over, before he can become acquainted with the office. During that time, he will, of necessity, be honest, in order to play the more artfully afterwards, upon the king and country. He must first know his ground. There is not a Jew more cunning, than this Gripesack. His avarice is enormous.”

“This is a charming prospect!” said Philip: “How long, do you think, a Minister of Finance should be in his post, before he can learn how to sheer the people, so as to cut out something for himself, and *us*?”

“Hem! Why, if he has a *head*, he may accomplish it in about a year.”

“Then, the King should be advised, if he wishes to be faithfully served, to change his Minister every twelvemonth.”

“I hope, my gracious Lord, the King and Court have lost nothing, since I have had the honour to serve them.”

“That I believe, Count, but the poor *people* have lost the more. They can even now scarcely bear the weight of the taxes and imposts. You should be a little more compassionate towards us.”

“Towards us?—Do I not labour wholly for the Court?”

“No, no, more compassionate towards the *people*, I mean.”

“My Prince, I know very well what construction to put upon your words. The King, and his illustrious family, are the people whom I serve; what are generally called the people, cannot be taken into the consideration. The country is the king’s

inheritance. The people are only in so far estimable, as they, like other cyphers, follow their cardinal numbers, and thus increase their own value. But this is not the moment to renew the long agitated question of the people's worth; besides, I entreat your Royal Highness to tell me, whether I shall have the honour to accommodate your debts, in the way mentioned?"

"I answer, no! no! now nor never, at the expense of a hundred thousand, or more, poor families."

"Your Royal Highness! but what shall we do with the house of Levi? And suppose I should compel this House, in addition to liquidating your debt, to come down with fifty thousand in cash? I think it may be done. That house will gain so much by this single operation, that,—"

"And probably, my Lord Count, something will come out of it as a *douceur* to you."

“Your Royal Highness is pleased to jest. I shall gain nothing by it. My only anxiety is to regain your favour.”

“You are very good.”

“May I dare hope, my Prince?”

“Count, I shall do what is right; do *you* do your duty.”

“My duty is to serve you. To morrow I shall send for Levi, conclude the negotiation with him, and have the honour to hand over to your Royal Highness his receipt, together with the 50,000 in addition.”

“Go, I can listen to this no longer.”

“And may I count upon your Royal Highness’ favour? For, without my continuance in the Ministry, it will be impossible for me to do any thing with Levi.”—

“I wish that you, and your Ministry, and your Abraham Levi, were all three

upon the top of Mount Blanc. I tell you, if you do not take off this embargo, if provisions do not immediately fall to their usual prices, if your Jew does not sell every grain of his corn at cost, then I shall go, without further ceremony, to the King, expose to him your rascality, and have you, and your Abraham Levi, banished the country. You may depend upon this; I shall keep my word."

Philip turned away, went back into the dancing room, and left the Finance Minister well nigh petrified with astonishment.

CHAP. VII.

“WHEN will it please your Royal Highness, that the coach should draw up?” whispered a voice to him, as he walked through the saloon. It was a short, thick, Dutch merchant, who had thus addressed him.

“I shall not ride.”

“It is nearly half past eleven, Prince. The beautiful Songstress is waiting for you. She begins to be *ennuyée*.”

“Let her sing to herself.”

“How is this, Prince, have you changed your mind? Will you abandon the charming Rollina? Will you lose the golden

moment, for which you have sighed in vain for two months?—The billet which you sent to her this morning by me, with the jewelled watch, has done wonders. The proud prude soon surrendered. At noon, to day, you were quite enraptured, and now, all at once, so cold? What is the matter with you? I cannot understand this change.”

“That is of no consequence to me.”

“But you ordered me to attend you at half after eleven. Have you other engagements?”

“Certainly!”

“At supper, perhaps, with the Countess ——? She has not made her appearance at the ball: at least, I can perceive no trace of her among the masks here. And I think I could distinguish her among a thousand, by her step, and her peculiar manner of carrying that pretty little head of hers. Is it so, Prince?”

“And suppose it were, am I obliged to let you into my secrets?”

“Ah, I see how it is, but mum. But will you not at least send word to the signora, that you will not come?”

“Since she suffered *me* to sigh for two months, why *she* may sigh for the same period. I shall not go.”

“And is nothing to come out of that magnificent necklace, which you designed as a new year’s gift to her?”

“Hardly, if it is to come out of me.”

“Will you break with her entirely, my gracious Lord?”

“I have never been connected with her yet.”

“Now then, Prince—I may dare be open—I may dare speak a truth, which you perhaps already know—I suspect it at

least, from this sudden change—Nothing but your passion for the beautiful Rollina, prevented my imparting it to you sooner.—You are deceived.”

“By whom?”

“By that artful Opera girl. You would be obliged to divide her favours with a Jew.”

“With a Jew?”

“Yes, indeed, with the son of Abraham Levi.”

“Is that rascal concerned in every thing?”

“Do not you know? I tell you nothing but the truth. If you do not prevent it, the Jew will openly keep that venal beauty. I am only concerned about the watch.”

“I am not.”

“The strumpet deserves the Bedal’s whip!”

“There is many a one who does not get his deserts.”

“That is but too true, your Royal Highness. But I have lately found out a girl—Oh, Prince! the whole city, nay, the whole kingdom, can produce nothing more beautiful, more enchanting. But few persons are acquainted with the heavenly creature. Poh! what is Rollina to her?—an old witch of Endor. Should you see a maiden, fair, and slender as a reed, a complexion and skin, like the reflection of the setting sun upon snow, a pair of eyes like suns, thick hair—in short, I never in my life saw any thing more beautiful. But who could do justice to this Venus? She is a goddess in the guise of a peasant girl. We must make chase after her.”

“A peasant girl, too?”

“A grisette only, but—no, you must see her, and I am sure you will be inflamed.

What signifies my painting her to you? All that your fairest dreams have painted to you as most enchanting, is here surpassed by nature—the most lovely, the most tender, and above all, the most unpolluted innocence! She is but seldom seen. She scarcely ever leaves her mother. But I have found out where she sits in Church, and where she takes her Sunday walk, which she commonly does with her mother, by the elm gate. I have discovered too, that a jolly young churl of a fellow, a gardener, is making love to her. But he can hardly marry her, for he is but a poor devil, and the girl has nothing. Her mother is the widow of a weaver, who died in a consumption.”

“What is her mother’s name?”

“The widow Bittner, of Milk lane; and the daughter, fair as a rose, is called, what she really is, Rose.”

At this name, poor Philip was cold and hot in a breath. He felt a great inclination

to give the rascal the weight of his fist, upon the head. "Are you the devil?" cried he.

"Hurra!" said the Dutchman. "Have not I found out something to your taste? But you must first see this pretty thing. Or, how is it, Prince, has your sharp eye already discovered this charming pearl? Do you know her?"

"I know her, certainly."

"So much the better. Have I praised her too much? Do not you agree with me? She shall not escape us. We will saunter together towards her mother's. You can act the philanthropist.—Say, that you have heard of the widow's poverty—and cannot bear to see any body miserable—you make friendly inquiries into the circumstances of the good woman—leave a present with her—repeat your visits—continue your benevolence, and you become known to Rose. She must surrender. The lubber of a gardener is soon set aside; and probably, he

will not care much about it, if a couple of hard dollars are put into his hand."

Philip's fury deprived him of speech. "May thunder and lightning blast you, if—" cried he.

"If the gardener give us any trouble?" interrupted the Dutchman. Oh, let me manage that. If I only get your Royal Highness' intercession for the Chamberlain's Key, you shall soon have the maiden. I can have the gardener enlisted, and sent to the army, where he may fight for his country. In the mean time, you are master of the field; though the girl, I believe, will hanker after the fellow a little. For it will not be very easy to do away the prejudices which have been instilled into her, by her vulgar education. But I will soon school her."

"I'll—I'll—I'll—"

"Oh, you are too good. Your interces-

sion only with the King, and the Chamberlain's key—"

"Sir, I have a great mind—I could, at this moment—"

"Oh, do not flatter me, my gracious Lord! You know, every moment of my life is yours. If I could have foreseen, that you had known the sweet creature, and that she was not indifferent to you, she should long since have been in your arms."

"Not a word more!" cried out Philip, as furiously as he dared raise his voice, in such a place, for fear of being discovered. "Not a word more!"

"No, we must have *deeds* now," replied the overjoyed Dutchman: "Tomorrow morning the trenches shall be opened for the siege. You may then boldly advance. You are accustomed to victory. With the advance posts in possession, you must succeed. As to the gardener, I'll take him

upon myself—the mother, will soon come over to your golden banner. Then for the storming!”

Philip could no longer master himself: he seized the Dutchman by the arm. “Sir, if you dare—”

“For God’s sake, my gracious Lord, master your transports. I shall cry out, you are crushing my arm.”

“If you dare,” continued Philip, “pursue this innocent girl, as sure as I live, I’ll crush every bone in your body!”

“Well, well,” sighed the Dutchman, in great anguish, “Only be pleased to let me go.”

“If I find you once squinting at the girl, even in the neighbourhood of Milk lane, by this hand, you are a dead man! So govern yourself accordingly.”

The Dutchman was altogether in the

clouds. "I did not know," said he, trembling, "that your Royal Highness was in love with the girl so honestly, as it appears."

"So honestly, that I will maintain it before the world."

"And are you beloved in return?"

"What is that to you? Let me hear not another word of her from you. Never think of the girl again. Your very thoughts would pollute her. Now you know what I mean. Be off."

With these words, Philip turned his back, and the Dutchman went off, with a flea in his ear.

CHAP. VIII.



IN the mean time, Philip's substitute, the Watchman, had also played his part in the streets. It can scarcely be necessary to say, what every body must have already seen, that this was no other than Prince Julian, who, somewhat elated with the wine he had drank, had taken it into his head to quack it as a Watchman. As soon as Philip had left him, he called the hour, and blew his horn, from street to street, to his heart's content, always making some comical addition to his cry, and troubling himself very little about the prescribed limits in which he was to watch.

While he was thus singing, a door opened near him; a well dressed girl appeared at it, beckoned to him, with an enticing

Hst! hst! and then withdrew into the darkness of the passage.

The Prince ceased his song, and followed this agreeable apparition. In the dark, a soft hand caught hold of him, and a low voice whispered, "Good evening, dear Philip! Speak low, or we shall be overheard. I have just run away a moment from the company, to greet you as you passed. Are you pleased?"

"As happy as a God, thou angel!" cried Julian, "who could be sad near thee?"

"Philip, I have something to tell you. You shall sup with us to-morrow evening. My mother has given permission. Will you come?"

"Yes, to morrow, and every evening, if you will," said Julian: "I should like to be near thee to the end of the world. Gods, what a life were that!"

"Hear me, Philip; in half an hour I shall be at St. Gregory's, and there I shall

expect you. You will not fail me? Do not let me wait long. And then we can take a walk through the city. Now go, or we shall be found out."

She was about to go, but Julian drew her back into his arms. "Wouldst thou let me depart so coldly?" asked he, as he pressed his mouth to her lips.

Rose knew not what to think of Philip's audacity. For Philip had always been so modest and tender, that the most he had ever attempted, was a kiss upon the hand, except once, when her mother had forbidden them all intercourse. Then, carried away by their feelings, of love and pain, their first kiss was exchanged; but never since that time. Rose bridled herself up; but the pretended Philip was so impetuous, that she was fain to put up with it, for fear of making a noise. She returned the kiss, therefore, and added,—“Philip, now go.”

But he went not, saying moreover: “Then I should be a pretty fool indeed.

'Thinkest thou I prefer my watch horn to thee? No indeed, my heart!"

"Ah!" sighed Rose: "but it is not right."

"Why not, thou little simpleton? Are kisses forbidden in the Ten Commandments?"

"Yes:" said Rose, "if we were permitted to have each other, why then it would be different."

"Have each other? Why if that is all, thou canst have me every day, if thou wilt."

"Alas! Philip, how can you talk so strangely to night? We must not even think of it!"

"Indeed; but I think very seriously of it. If thou wouldst only do the same."

"Philip! have you been drinking? If I would? Go—you distress me.—Hear

me, Philip, I had a dream about you last night."

"What was it, my charmer?"

"You had drawn a prize in the lottery; and we were both so rejoiced. You had bought a magnificent garden. There was not a prettier one, in or out of the city.—Every thing in it was complete; flowers upon flowers, like a paradise, large beds full of the finest vegetables, and trees heavy with fruit. I was quite sad, when I waked, and found it all a dream. Tell me, Philip, had you a ticket in the lottery? Have you gained any thing? For the drawing was to be to day."

"If I get the high prize in thee, my pretty one, who knows what may happen? How much must I gain to please thee?"

"If you were only so lucky as to draw a thousand florins! with that you could purchase a beautiful garden."

“A thousand florins? And suppose it were more?”

“Oh, Philip! What do you say? Is it true? No, do not deceive me, like my dream. You have drawn a prize. Confess it to me.”

“As large a one as thou couldst desire.”

“Oh. God!” exclaimed Rose, and in the intoxication of her delight, she fell upon his neck and kissed him. “More than a thousand florins? But will they give you all this money?”

Amidst her kisses, the Prince forgot to answer her. It was a new thing to him, to hold so lovely a creature in his arms, and receive caresses which were intended for another; but which he would, with so much pleasure, have received on his own account.

“Answer me! answer me!” cried Rose, impatiently: “Will the people give you all this money?”

“ I have it already, and will give it to thee, if it will please thee.”

“ How, Philip, have you it about you ?”

The Prince drew his purse out of his pocket, which had been pretty heavily filled, for the purpose of setting down to cards. “ Take it, and feel its weight,” said he, as he put it into Rose’s hand, while he kissed her tender lips. “ Wilt thou continue to love me, for this ?”

“ No, indeed, Philip ; not for all this gold, if thou wert not my Philip.”

“ And suppose I were to give thee twice as much, and were not thy Philip ?”

“ Then would I throw your purse at your feet, and make you a courtly reverence,” said Rose.

At this moment a door opened, and voices, and laughing, were heard. The light of a candle fell upon the stairs. Rose drew

back and whispered : " In half an hour, at St. Gregory's," and sprang up the steps. The Prince was again in the dark. He walked out of the house, and looked up at the building. This sudden separation was not very pleasant to him. Not that he cared about the purse, with which the girl had run off, but that he had not seen the face of this unknown fair, nor even so much as found out her name, nor whether she would really make good her threat, to throw the money at his feet, if he were to appear to her in his proper person. The only consolation he had was in her parting words, " meet me at St. Gregory's." This was the place which the Watchman had also designated. Julian soon perceived, that he had only to thank his fortunate adventurer for this, though against this will.

CHAP. IX.

WHETHER it was, that the increasing cold of the new year's eve, or his being baffled by Rose, had increased the excitement of the wine, the mischievous disposition of the Princely Watchman, certainly got the upper hand.

He stopt in the midst of a crowd of street walkers, at a corner, and blew so loud a blast upon his horn, that the women all screamed, and the men tumbled over each other. Julian then cried the hour, and sung this verse :

All sorts of things in our dear city,
Gang backwards now, O, what a pity !
There's not a maid in all the town,
A man would marry, white or brown.
Let them as fine dress as they can,
To buy the Ware, there's not a man.

“That is abominable!” cried a female voice in the crowd, “to liken us to *ware*!” while a loud and hearty laugh came from among the men.

“*Da capo*!” cried out a merry fellow. “Bravo, Watchman!” bawled another. “What do you mean, you rascal, by insulting our women in the open street?” said to the Watchman, a young Lieutenant, who had a pretty girl leaning on his arm.

“Mr. Lieutenant, the Watchman sings nothing but God’s truth,” said a young Miller to him: “And that girl, that is hanging upon your arm, can prove it. Say, young one, do you know *me*? Do you know who I am, heh? Does it befit a betrothed bride to wander out o’ nights, with other men? I’ll tell your mother o’ this, to morrow. I shall have no more to do wi’ you!”

The girl hid her face, and pulled the Officer’s arm, to draw him away. But the Lieutenant, like a hero, was not so ready to take flight, and leave the honour of the

field to the Miller. He uttered a mouthful of curses, and, that he might not be behind hand with his words, he lifted his stick. But immediately two pretty thick rattans, in a couple of sturdy peasant hands, were lifted, in a threatening manner, over the head of the Lieutenant.

“I tell you what,” cried a lusty Brewer, to the man of war, “there shall be no quarrelling here, about these slippery jades. I know the Miller; he is an honest man. He is right, and so is the Watchman, as true as I am alive! An honest citizen, or mechanick, now, can scarcely find a wife among these girls, in our whole city. The women want to raise themselves above their standing; instead of knitting stockings, they read romances; instead of attending to their kitchens and cellars, they are running to plays and concerts. There is nothing but sluttishness in their houses, and in the streets they go about dressed like Princesses. All the dowry they bring a husband, is perhaps a couple of pretty gowns, a few laces, and ribbands, and jem-cracks,

idleness and novels. I speak from experience. If our citizens' daughters had not been so spoiled, I should have been married long ago." The bystanders all burst into a roar of laughter.

The Lieutenant reluctantly struck his colours to the two rattans, and said angrily: "I do not choose to stand here listening to sermons of morality, from such a low pack."

"What's that you say? Low pack?" cried a Blacksmith, who carried one of the two rattans: "You gentleman drone, whom we are obliged to support, by our taxes and contributions, do you talk about a low pack? It is to your idleness we are indebted for all the misfortunes in our families; there would not be half so many honest girls unmarried, if you had learnt to work and say your prayers."

Several young officers now sprung forward; and masters and apprentices united. The boys made snow balls, and threw them

into the thickest of the crowd, that they might make their fun out of it. The very first shot struck the Lieutenant upon the nose. He looked upon it as an attack from the people, and again raised his cane. And the battle began.

The Prince, who had only heard the beginning of the dispute, had long since gone laughing away into another street, perfectly unconcerned about the consequences of his song. Arrived at the palace of the Finance Minister, with whom he had not the best understanding, as Philip had already experienced, Julian perceived all the windows illuminated. The Minister's lady had a large party: Julian, in his satirical, poetical humour, planted himself before the house, and gave a strong blast with his horn. Several gentlemen and ladies, probably because they had nothing better to do, opened the window, out of curiosity, to listen to the Watchman.

"Watchman!" called out one of the gentlemen: "Sing us a handsome stave,

now, for the new year." This drew several others of the company to the window. Julian, after he had called the hour, sung with a loud voice :

Come all who groan and sigh in debt,
And witless run to the Bankrupt net,
Come pray to the Lord, that he, this night,
May give thee a Finance Minister's might,
Who, without finances, keeps the Land,
While *he* holds it *all* in *his* own hand.

"This is too much!" screamed the Minister's lady, who had just this moment stepped to the window: "who is the vile wretch, who has dared to utter such slander?"

"Your Ladyship," answered Julian, in a disguised voice, endeavouring to imitate the Jewish dialect, "I only wanted to give you a little pleasure. Pardon me, I am only the Court Jew, Abraham Levi; your ladyship knows me well enough."

"Woe is me!" cried a voice from the window above: "You lying rascal, how can you be Abraham Levi? Am I not

myself, Abraham Levi? You are an impostor!"

"Call the Watch!" screamed the lady;
"have the man arrested!"

At these words, the guests all hastily left the window, while the Prince, with hasty strides, pursued his way into a small, dark alley.

A crowd of servants, accompanied by one of the Minister's secretaries, now came out of the palace, and searched around for the calumniator. Suddenly one of them called out aloud, "We have him!" The others hurried towards the cry. They had, indeed, found the Watchman of that quarter, who was quietly pursuing his rounds, in perfect innocence. He was surrounded, overpowered, and dragged struggling along to head quarters, to account for his sarcastic jokes.

The officer, who was on duty, shook his head in surprise, and said: "The people

have already brought in a Watchman to me, for singing verses upon the maidens of the city, which has caused a fatal battle between the officers and citizens."

The new made prisoner would make no confessions, but raised a terrible noise, that a mob of youngsters, who had probably drank too much wine, should have disturbed him in the exercise of his lawful office. One of the secretaries then repeated the verse, which had so justly excited the anger of the Minister's lady, and of all her guests. All the soldiers broke out into a roar of laughter. But the honest Watchman swore, with tears in his eyes, that such a thing had never entered into his mind.

While they were yet busy with their interrogatories, and the young men began to think they should be made responsible for all the consequences of their mistake, and the secretary himself, in fact, to be doubtful, whether they had seized upon the right man, the sentinel at the door, cried out: "To arms, to arms! Watchmen, turn out!"

The soldiers sprung up. The secretary continued to besiege the Watch with questions. In the mean time, the General, accompanied by the Captain of the Watch, entered into the guard house. "Let that rascal, there, be put in irons," said he, and pointed with his hand behind him. Two officers now stepped in, who led in a disarmed Watchman by the shoulders.

"Have all the watchmen, then, turned fools?" cried the Captain, in amazement.

"I will pay the scoundrel tomorrow for his infamous verses!" exclaimed the General.

"Please your excellency," said the prisoner, trembling and groaning, "heaven knows I have made no verses, never in my life made a verse!"

"Silence, you rascal!" bawled the General, in a thundering voice. "You shall be sent to the castle, or to the gallows; and if you speak another word, I'll chop you into mince meat!"

The Captain of the Watch, with all due deference, observed to the General, that there must have been a general mutiny among the watchmen of the city, for he had already had to put three of them under guard in a quarter of an hour.

“Gentlemen,” said the General, to the officers who had accompanied him, “if that rascal there, will not absolutely confess, that he sung the verses, then do you take care to remember them; and for that purpose, write them down. In the morning, we will bring him to confession. I do not wish to lose any time now from the ball. Who is there that knows this pasquinade?”

The officers began to recollect, and to help each other out. The Captain of the Watch took a pen, and wrote down the following:

An empty head with a feather or two,
A long stiff neck, and a stiffer cue,
A belly screw'd in, and a breast push'd out,
Are all that we need for an army stout,
And to fiddle and to dance at every Ball,
Will soon make a Captain a General.

“Will you deny, you rascal,” cried the General, with renewed rage, to the terrified Watchman, “will you deny, that you sung that, as I stept out of the door of my own house?”

“Let who would, have sung it, I know nothing about it?” answered the Watchman.

“Why did you run, then, when you saw me come out?” again asked the General.

“I did not run.”

“What?” exclaimed both the officers, “you did not run? Were not you out of breath when we overtook you at last here, at the market house?”

“Yes, I was frightened out of it, because the gentlemen fell upon me so furiously. I feel it yet in all my limbs.”

“Put the stiffnecked hound in irons!” exclaimed the General, to the Watch. “He

will have time enough between this and morning, to come to his senses." Upon this, the General went off.

The noise in the streets, and these satires of the Watchman, had put the whole police into motion. In the same quarter of an hour, two other watchmen, but neither the right one, were seized, and brought to head quarters. One of them for having sung an insulting song before the door of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the burthen of which was, that he was *foreign* no where, but in his own Department. The other was charged with having sung before the Bishop's palace—that, though the Church candles did not lack tallow, they shed more smoke than light, over the country.

The Prince, who had brought all the Watch into this trouble, by his mischief, luckily escaped the whole of it, and thus became still more hardy, from street to street. The affair made a great uproar. Report was even made to the Police Minister, who was seated at cards with the King, of the

poetical insurrection among the hitherto peaceable Watchmen; and in proof of it, they brought him a copy of one of the squibs. The King listened to the verse, the wit of which was directed against the vile Police itself, which poked their noses into every family in the city, and yet never smelt out any thing in their own; it therefore would not be amiss for them, to take a pinch of snuff. The King laughed heartily at this, and ordered one of these Watch Poets to be found, and brought to him. He got up from the card table; for he saw that the Police Minister had lost his good humour.

CHAP. X.

IN the dancing hall, adjoining the card room, Philip, the Princely Watchman, had pulled out his watch, and found that it was time to repair to St. Gregory's. He was anxious to give back the purple robe and plumed hat to his substitute, for his courage began to fail him, under this mask. As he was going to the door, in order to step out of it unperceived, the Negro came stepping after him, and whispered—"The Duke is seeking for your Royal Highness every where!" Philip gave an arch shake of the head, and went out, the Negro following him. As they stepped into the antichamber, the Negro whispered again: "By G—d, here comes the Duke!" and with these words, the Blacky ran back into the dancing room.

A tall, lank Mask now stepped up, with rapid strides, towards Philip, and called out, "Stop a moment; I have some words for you. I have been seeking you for some time."

"Be brief, then," answered Philip, "for I have no time to lose."

"I wish I was not obliged to lose any with you. I have been looking for you long enough. You owe me satisfaction, for the serious injury you have done me."

"I know nothing about it."

"Do you not know me?" cried the Duke, as he drew off his mask—"Now, then, you know me, and your guilty conscience must explain to you the rest. I demand satisfaction. You, and that damned Salmoni, have betrayed me."

"I tell you, I know nothing about it," replied Philip.

“ You contrived the shameful business in the Baker’s cellar. It was at your instigation, that Colonel Kalt seized upon my person.”

“ There’s not a word of it true.”

“ How ! not true?—Do you deny it?—Lady Broadsword, only a few minutes ago, revealed the whole to me. She was an eye witness to the farce of the Ghost, which you played off upon me.”

“ She has imposed a tale upon your Grace. I had no concern in the affair. If you suffered yourself to be played upon with a ghost, it was your own fault.”

“ I demand of you, whether you are disposed to give me satisfaction? If not, then I shall make a noise about it. Follow me, now, to the King. You shall either fight me, or—to the King.”

“ Your Grace,”—stammered Philip, em-

barrassed: "I have no inclination either to fight you, or to go to the King."

This was Philip's earnest resolution; for he dreaded being compelled to take off his mask, and getting into difficulties, on account of the part which he had been compelled to play against his will. He made use, therefore, of all sorts of subterfuges with the Duke, and narrowly watched the door, that he might seize the first favourable opportunity of escaping. The Duke, on the other hand, observing the anxiety of the pretended Prince, grew more courageous. He seized Philip at length by the arm, and tried to pull him into the saloon.

"What would you with me?" cried Philip, in desperation, as he slung the Duke from him.

"To the King!" answered the Duke, in a rage: "He shall hear how shamefully a Princely guest is treated at his Court."

“Well!” said Philip, who could conceive no better mode of helping himself, than by putting on again the character of the Prince: “Come, then, I am ready. By good fortune, I have with me the proposal, in your own hand writing, in which you assure the baker girl that—”

“Pshaw! nonsense!” interrupted the Duke: “that was a mere piece of fun, which may very well be practised with a simple peasant girl. You may show it to the King. I can satisfy him about it.”

The Duke, however, did not seem to be very serious in this boast. He was no longer so urgent to carry Philip to the King, and that suited Philip exactly; but the Duke was the more impetuous in insisting that they should both get into a carriage, and drive, the Lord knows where, to settle the affair with swords or pistols. This was not very agreeable to the distressed Philip. He placed before the Duke all the evil consequences of such a step. But the latter,

in his rage, would listen to no persuasions to draw him from his design; he said, he had already provided for every thing and was ready to go off that very night, immediately after the affair was ended.

“If you are not the greatest coward in your country,” continued the Duke, “then follow me into the carriage, Prince.”

“I am no Prince!” answered Philip, who saw himself at last driven to extremities.

“You are. Every body at the ball, here, knows you. I know you by your hat. You shall not deceive me.”

Philip raised his mask, showed his face to the Duke, and said, “Now? am I the Prince?”

The Duke, as he looked upon the strange face, started back in astonishment. His most secret affairs then, had been betrayed

to an unknown person. This added to his consternation and embarrassment. Before he could recover from these feelings, Philip, who had the door already in his hand, was off.

CHAP. XI.

As soon as Philip found himself at liberty, he took off his glittering hat, and silk cloak, folded the former up in the latter, and with both under his arm, he sprang forward along the street towards St. Gregory's.

Rose was already there, in a corner near the great gate, waiting for him. "Ah, Philip! dear Philip!" said she to him, and pressing his hand, as soon as she recognised him: "What delight have you caused me! Oh, how fortunate we are! See, I could rest no longer with my friend. Thank God, you are here. I have been freezing here for a quarter of an hour already. But I think it must be with joy, and not with the cold, that I suffer."

“And I, too, Rose, thank God, that I am once more with you. To the devil I pitch the babbling of a great man. I’ll tell you, some other time, all the foolish things I have done. But tell me, darling, how goes it with you! Do you still love me a little?”

“Ah, you are now become a great man, Philip, and I may well ask, if you still love *me* a little?”

“The devil! why, how did you find out already, that I was a great man?”

“You told me so yourself. Oh, Philip, Philip, if you should only not get proud, now that you have become so monstrous rich. I am a poor girl, and now, indeed, too low for you. But Philip, should you desert me, as I have already thought to myself, I shall wish you had remained a poor gardener. I should grieve myself to death, if you were to desert me.”

“Rose, what are you prating about? I

was a Prince, it is true, for half an hour; and though it was only in jest, yet I never wish to have such another jest as long as I live. Now I am a Watchman again, and as poor as before. I have, it is true, five thousand florins about me, which I received from a Mameluke—they might help us both out of our necessities—but, alas, they do not belong to me.”

“You talk strangely, Philip!” said Rose, as she handed to him the heavy purse she had received from the Prince: “here, take back your money. It is become almost too heavy for me.”

“What shall I do with all this money? Where did you get it, Rose?”

“You gained it in the Lottery, Philip.”

“What? Have I gained? And they told me at the office, that my number had not come out! You see, I did put in the Lottery, and was in hopes that it might give us something towards an outfit. But

the Gardener told me, as I went to the office to day, that my number was not out. And is it so, then? Now I shall buy a large garden, and you shall be my wife. How much is it?"

"Philip, have you been taking a sup, this new year's eve? You must know better than I do, how much it is. I only gave a squint, secretly, under the table, into the beautiful purse, and was quite frightened, when I saw one gold piece after another, glittering before me. Then, thinks I to myself, it is no wonder, Philip was so impudent. Yes, indeed, you were right impudent! But I could not scold you for it. For I could not help falling upon your neck, and crying right sadly, for joy."

"Rose, if you *would* fall upon my neck, I should like it well. But here is some misunderstanding. Who brought the money to you, and told you it was my winnings in the Lottery? I have the ticket yet in my chest at home, and nobody has asked me for it."

“ Philip, do not be foolish. You yourself, not half an hour ago, told me, and you yourself gave me the money.”

“ Rose, recollect yourself. This morning I saw you on your way home from Mass, and we then agreed upon this meeting here to night. We have not seen each other since then.”

“ Not half an hour ago, I heard your horn, and came out from Steinman’s, and called you into the house. But what bundle is that you are carrying under your arm? Philip, Philip, take good heed, that so much money does not make you foolish. You have surely been into some tavern, and drank more than has done you good. Say, what have you got in that bundle? Heavens, if it is not a woman’s silk dress! Philip, Philip, where have you been?”

“ Certainly not with you for the last half hour. You want to make yourself merry with me, I believe. Answer me, where did you get this money?”

“Answer me first, Philip, where did you get this woman’s dress? Where have you been?”

They were both too impatient to hear, to give an answer; and they began to be somewhat distrustful of each other, and to quarrel.

CHAP. XII.

As it usually happens in such cases, when one lover quarrels with another; thus it happened here. No sooner had Rose taken out her white handkerchief, wiped her eyes, and shaken her head, and heaved a sigh or two from the bottom of her heart, than it seemed manifest, that she was right, and he wrong. He acknowledged that he was wrong, and endeavoured to comfort her, as he confessed that he had been at a Masquerade, and that what he had under his arm, was not a female dress, but a silk mantle, mask, and hat.

After this penitent confession, however, Rose's interrogatories became still more strict. A masquerade, as every girl in a large city knows, is a dangerous field, a labyrinth

for unwary hearts. A man is here thrown upon a sea of agreeable dangers, and is not unfrequently drowned, if he does not happen to be a good swimmer. Now, Rose did not regard her friend Philip as one of the best swimmers; why, it would be difficult to say. Thus, first and foremost, he was obliged to confess whether he had danced? After saying no to this, whether he had had any adventures or intrigues with the female Masks? This he could not deny. He acknowledged several; but added, that they were all ladies of the first rank, and that they had mistaken him for another. Rose was disposed to doubt a little, though she concealed her suspicions. But when to her questions, for whom they had taken him, and of whom he had borrowed the mask, he replied, "Prince Julian," she shook her head incredulously; and thought it a quite improbable tale, that the Prince should have acted the Watchman, while Philip was at the Ball. But he removed all her doubts with the assurance, that the Prince—for he had held his substitute to that—was by agreement, to be at St.

Gregory's in a few minutes, to exchange dresses.

A light now broke in upon the terrified Rose, as to her adventure in the dark passage. It had already struck her, that there had been something very strange in Philip's manner. Now it was her turn to make her little confessions, how she had come by the money for the Lottery ticket—she stammered some time, and hesitated so much, that Philip began to be afraid.

She told at last, every thing that had befallen her; but when she came to his kiss, and her kiss in return, the words again stuck in her throat. But she got out with it at last.

“It is not true!” exclaimed Philip, “I never gave you a kiss, nor received one from you.”

“But it was intended for you!” said Rose, softly, and caressingly. Philip

scratched the hair upon the top of his head, which stood up like a mountain.

“Hear me, Philip,” said Rose, anxiously, “if it was not you, then I can believe all the incredible things you have told me—then it must have been Prince Julian in your clothes.”

This, Philip had already suspected. “The rogue!” said he, “he has robbed me of your kisses. Now I conceive! It was only for this, that he gave me his mask! It was only for this, that *he* wanted to be *I* for half an hour!” And it now occurred to him, what the Mask had told him about the opera dancer, Rollina, and afterwards about Rose; and he renewed his questions more closely than before; whether, and when she had ever seen the Prince before? whether she had never met with a man, a great lord, who had dogged her to church, or had visited her in Milk lane? Or whether some man or other had not been to see her mother, and offered to give her money, and to support her?

“Rose’s replies to all this were so calm, and carried with them so much the air of unaffected innocence, that Philip’s heart was light again. He bid her beware of the hypocrisy and flatteries of the great, and Rose, in her turn, warned him of the dangers of Masquerades, and adventures with great ladies, by which many a young man had been ruined. Each was forgiven by the other, as having sinned in ignorance, and Philip determined to demand the kiss, which had been intended for him, but which he had not received.—At this happy moment, the lovers were interrupted by a strange figure. A man came running towards them in full speed, and stopped as he came up to them, out of breath. By the cloak, halbert, and hat, Philip at once knew his man. The latter, on the other hand, was looking about for the fellow in his mask. Philip handed him his hat and cloak, saying: “My gracious Lord, here are your things. Let us never in this world change parts again; I have lost by it!”

The Prince cried out, “quick! quick!”

threw off the watch cloak into the snow, put on his own cloak and mask, and took up his hat. Rose started back, terrified. Philip dressed himself in his old felt and coat, and took his horn and his halbert.

“I promised you some drink money, comrade,” said the Prince, “but as I live, I have not my purse with me.”

“I have it,” answered Philip, as he held out the purse to him: “You gave it to my bride here—but, my gracious Lord, we must excuse ourselves from a present of this sort.”

“Keep what you have, comrade, and take to your heels. You are not safe here!” said he, hastily, and moving away. Philip held him fast by the cloak: “My gracious Lord, we are not done yet!”

“Fly, I tell you, Watchman! fly, they are after you.”

“I have no cause to fly, my gracious

Lord. But I have a purse here for you—”

“Keep it, and be off as fast as you can!”

“And a Bill of Exchange of 5000 florins, from Marshal Broadsword.”

“The Devil! how came you and the Marshal together, Watchman?”

“He said it was for a play debt, he owed you. He will be off to night with his lady, to his Polish estates.”

“Are you mad? How do you know that? Where did he give you all this business for me?”

“My gracious Lord, and the Finance Minister, Bottomless, will pay your debts to Abraham Levy, if you will intercede with the King, to keep him in the Ministry.”

“ Watchman ! Are you possessed with the Devil ? ”

“ But I sent him off, with a flea in his ear, in your Highness’ name.

“ You, sent off the Minister ? ”

“ Yes, my gracious Lord ; and moreover, I have made a reconciliation between the Countess Bonau, and the Chamberlain Piltzow.”

“ Which of us two is the fool ? ”

“ There is something else. The singer Rollina is a common strumpet. I know all her intrigues. You are deceived ; and therefore I considered it unworthy your Royal Highness to have any thing to say to her, and so I postponed the meeting with her for this night.”

“ Rollina ? How came you with her ? ”

“ More yet. The Duke is terribly en-

raged against you, about the affair of the Cellar. He threatens to complain to the King."

"The Duke? Who told you all this?"

"He, himself. You are not yet safe. But he will not go to the King now, for I threatened him with the letter which he wrote to the baker girl. He insists now upon fighting with you. So take care of him."

"Tell me: do you know, how the Duke found out, that I——"

"He heard it all from the Marshal's lady, who blabbed it all to him, and that she was the Witch in the farce."

The Prince seized Philip by the arm:
"You are no Watchman, my lad!" said he, as he drew him towards the light of a distant lamp, but was astonished to find a man wholly unknown to him. "Who are

you, then? asked Julian, perfectly sobered, by his surprise.

“I am the gardener, Philip Stark, son of the Watchman, old Gottlieb Stark,” answered he, calmly.

CHAP. XIII.



“ Ah, here’s the fellow we are looking for ! Halt, fellow ! ” cried out several voices, and Philip, Rose, and the Prince, found themselves suddenly surrounded by six big fist-ed police officers. Rose gave a loud scream. Philip took her by the hand, and told her to fear nothing. The Prince, clapping Philip on the shoulder, said, “ This is a foolish piece of business. I told you to save yourself, in time. But do not be afraid. Nothing shall happen to you.”

“ That is to be seen hereafter ! ” cried one of the officers : “ in the mean time, he must go with us.”

“ Whither ? ” asked Philip : “ I am a Watchman, and in my lawful duty.”

“ We know that, already, and it is for that reason you must come with us !”

“ ~~Let~~ him go, good people,” said Julian, as he felt in his pockets for money; but finding none, he whispered Philip, to give him some out of his purse. The officers, however, snatched them asunder, calling out, “ Come ! no secret consultations here. This Mask also looks a little suspicious, and must with us too.”

“ Not he,” said Philip : “ you are after the Watchman ; I am he : and if you can answer for taking me away from my lawful calling, why, carry me where you please. But let this gentleman go.”

“ It is not your business to teach us, whom we shall suspect !” replied one of the officers. “ Come, march, the whole of you !”

“ The woman, too ?” asked Philip. “ I should hope not.”

"No, the young one may go about her business. But we must first know her name, and her face, in case of necessity, and her residence."

"She is the daughter of the widow Bittner, in Milk lane!" said Philip, a little angrily, as these rascals dragged the weeping Rose to a light, and stared in her face. "Go home, Rose!" he continued, "go home, fear nothing for me, I have a good conscience." But Rose sobbed so loudly, that the officers themselves pitied her. The Prince seized this opportunity to make a spring, in order to escape. But one of the officers, who happened to be a better jumper than himself, caught him. "Hallo! this gentleman, it seems, has a bad conscience, he must with us. Forwards, march!"

"Where?" asked the Prince.

"Straight to his Excellency's the Police Minister."

"Good people," said the Prince, serious-

ly, and at the same time, familiarly—for he was a little afraid of this business, not wishing to have all his frolicks as a watchman betrayed: “Listen to me, good people! I this moment met with this Watchman by accident. You can have nothing to do with me. I belong to the Court. Recollect, if you force me to go with you, you shall repent it to morrow in the castle, with bread and water.”

“Let the gentleman go, in God’s name, good people!” said Philip: “take my word for it, he is a great man, and he can make you pay dearly for this trick. It is the—”

“Silence!” said Julian: “Let no one hear from your mouth, who I am, if by chance you have found out. Do you hear, no one, not a soul, I tell you, let what will happen. Do you hear me?”

“We are doing our duty!” said one of the officers: “and we are not afraid of being sent to the Castle for that. But that

may come, mayhap, to this gentleman in the mask here, himself. We understand such language pretty well, and are not afraid of his threats. Come, march!"

"Good people, take advice!" cried Philip again, "he is a very great man at Court."

"If he were the King himself, he must with us; it is our duty; he is a suspicious person!" was the answer.

"Aye, aye," said another of them, "great men from Court to be whispering in a corner to Watchmen and the likes of you, as this one did just now!"

Whilst they were thus disputing about the Prince, a coach and six, with blazing lamps before it, drove furiously by the Church. "Halt!" cried a voice within the coach, as it passed the crowd of police officers, who were surrounding the Prince.

The carriage stopped. The door opened,

and a gentleman in a surtout, with a glittering star upon the breast, jumped out, and went among the group. He pushed back the officers: "Right!" said he, "I knew the bird by his feathers, at a distance. Mask, who are you?"

Julian was considerably embarrassed, for he at once recognised the Duke. "Answer me!" cried he, in a thundering voice. Julian shook his head, and made a sign to the Duke to be off. But the latter grew still more impatient to know with whom he had been conversing at the ball. He asked the police officers. They, with their hats off, said: that they had been ordered to bring that Watchman to the Police Minister, for singing some impudent verses, which they had heard themselves; that he had got away from them in the dark alleys and corners, until at last, they had nabbed him here by the church, in close confab with the Mask, who seemed to be even more suspicious than the Watchman. That the Mask had given himself out as a gentleman from the Court, but that was evidently all a hum.

They had, therefore, thought it their duty to arrest him.

“The man is not of the Court!” returned the Duke: “that I can answer for. I give you my word on it. He gained admittance, by some unaccountable means, to the Ball, and there passed himself off on every body as Prince Julian. He was at last compelled to unmask to me, for he had deceived me too, and then made his escape. He is not known, he is an adventurer. I have exposed him to the Lord high Chamberlain, at whose house the Ball was. Carry him along, therefore, good people, you have made a good haul.”

With these words, the Duke turned off, and jumped into his carriage: and calling out from thence, “Let him not escape you!” drove on.

The Prince found himself in a desperate predicament. To make himself known to the police officers, would not be very proper, he thought; for that would spread the

knowledge of his frolicks rather too widely. There would be less danger in unmasking before the Lord high Chamberlain, or the Police Minister. Thus determined, "With all my heart, come on, then!" said he, and away they went, while Rose looked on, weeping.

CHAP. XIV.

PHILIP thought it all witchcraft, or that he was dreaming; for never in his life before, had he seen so much confusion, and such variety of troubles, as on this night. He had, however, nothing to reproach himself with, but that he had changed dresses with the Prince, whose part at the Ball, he had been compelled to play against his will. But it was probable, the Prince had not acted exactly according to rule, in his part of Watchman.—But why was he arrested as a Watchman?—Philip could not understand it.

When they reached the palace of the Lord Chamberlain, poor Philip's heart thumped like a sledge hammer. They took from him his cloak, horn, and halbert. The

Prince addressed a few words to some great man, and the police officers were immediately sent away; the Prince then ascended the steps, and Philip followed him. "Fear nothing," said Julian to him, and left him standing in a small anteroom, where he remained for a long time alone. At length, one of the King's household came and told him to follow him—that the King wanted to see him.

Philip was almost frightened out of his senses. His knees knocked together. He was carried to a handsome chamber, where the King was sitting at a small table, and laughing heartily. Near him stood Prince Julian, without his mask. There was no one else in the room. The old King looked at the young man for a considerable time, and, as it appeared, with a sort of pleasure. "Tell me," at length said he to him, "tell me faithfully what you have been doing to night."

Philip plucked up courage at this affable address of the worthy old gentleman, and

related minutely every thing that had happened to him, from beginning to end. Though he was prudent enough to conceal what he had heard from the Courtiers, lest it might get the Prince into difficulties.— The King laughed out several times ; and having asked Philip some questions about his family and trade, he gave him a couple of gold pieces, and said : “ Now go, my lad, and attend to your business. No harm shall come to you. But take care that you disclose to no one, what you have learned to night, This I command you. Go, now.”

Philip fell at the King's feet, kissed his hand, and stammered out a few words of thanks. As he got up to go out, Prince Julian addressed his father : “ I humbly entreat your Majesty to permit the young man to wait awhile without. I owe him some recompense for all the trouble I have caused him to night.” The King, laughing, nodded consent, and Philip withdrew.

“ Prince,” said the King, holding his

finger up to him, "it is well for you, that you have told me the truth! I will overlook your wild, mad freaks, this time, though you deserve to be punished. But remember, I shall not pardon you a second time. Nothing shall excuse you. The affair with the Duke I must see a little closer into. If he should depart, well; I like him not. As to what you have said of the Police and Finance Ministers, I expect proofs. Go now, and give the young gardener your hush money. He has been much more prudent in your mask, than you have been in his."

The Prince left the King, threw off his mask dress, in the next room, put on his surtout, ordered Philip to be called, and with him went off to his own palace. Here he ordered Philip to relate, word for word, every thing that he had heard and said at the Ball, in his character. Philip obeyed; and the Prince, clapping him on the shoulder, said: "You are a prudent man, and I may give you employment. I am pleased with you. All that you have

said in my name, to the Chamberlain, the Countess, the Marshal and his wife, Colonel Kalt, the Finance Minister, and the rest, have been so proper, that I shall stand to it as firmly as if I had said it myself. But on your part, you must stick to the verses that I sung in your name. You will be punished for it, by the loss of your place. But I'll give you a better. I'll make you my gardener, and give you the command of both my palace gardens. The money that I gave your bride, she may keep as a dowry, and the Bill of Exchange, from Marshal Broadsword, I'll give you the cash for immediately, 5000 florins. Go now, serve me faithfully, and conduct yourself well.

CHAP. XV.

Who could be happier, than Philip! He flew upon the wings of love and joy to Rose's house. Rose was not yet in bed, but sitting with her mother at a table, weeping. He threw the full purse before her, and said, almost out of breath: "Rose, that is your dowry, and here are 5000 florins, which are mine. I have been a delinquent, as a Watchman, and shall therefore lose the reversion of my father's place; but the day after to morrow, I shall go to Prince Julian's palace, as head gardener. Mother, you and Rose must go with me; and my father and mother must also go with me. I can now support you all. Huzza! God grant such a new year to all good people!"

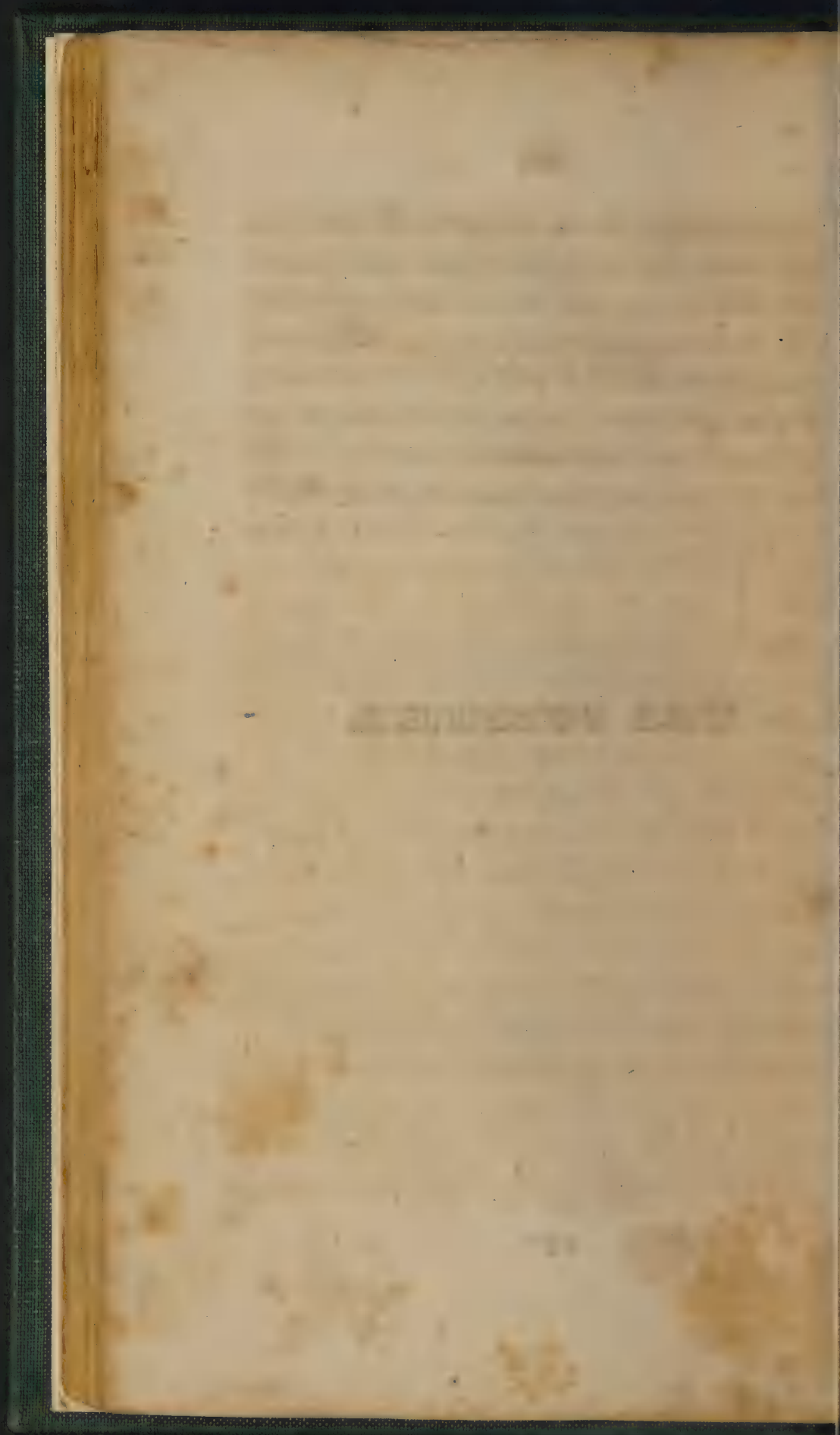
Mother Bittner knew not how to trust her ears with Philip's story, or her eyes with the sight of so much money. But when he told her how he had come by it, and all about it, as far at least as it was necessary for her to know, she got up, embraced him with delight, gave her daughter to his bosom, and danced about the room in an intoxication of joy : " Do your father and mother know any thing about it yet?" she asked ; and upon Philip's replying in the negative, she called out to Rose, to make a fire, put the kettle on, and make some good coffee for five of them, put on her cloak, and darted out of the house.

But Rose forgot both the fire and water, on Philip's bosom ; and they were still locked in close embrace, when mother Bittner returned, accompanied by old Gottlieb and mother Katy. They surrounded their children, blessing them : if mother Bittner wanted coffee, why she must make it herself.

Thus Philip lost his place as a Watch-

man—in a fortnight Rose became Mrs. Stark, and both, together with the old folks, went to live at the palace—so that nothing occurred in the adventures of this night, to be regretted by any body, save the Minister of Finance, Count Bottomless. Since that time, no one has ever heard of Prince Julian's committing any of his old follies.

THE SURPRISE.



THE SURPRISE.

MY DEAR —

As I was sitting the other night in the theatre, a venerable old gentleman, who seemed bent more by the weight of years than of cares, approached me, and stooping down until he brought his mouth to a level with my left ear, whispered these words—“When the play is out, call at No. 163, North — street, and you will meet an agreeable disappointment.” Before I could make any reply to this mysterious invitation from a stranger, a number of persons had crowded into the box, and rudely pushing their way to the front seat, effectually separated me from the object of my curiosity. I did not fail, however, to call at the appointed place, as soon as the curtain dropped upon the last scene of Falstaff,

and ringing at the door of a very genteel looking house, which had over it the number designated, it was opened by a lovely female, apparently in the bud of puberty, who, after casting her eye over my figure, *a capite usque ad calcem*, demanded if I was the gentleman who had been invited by her *uncle* to call, that evening. I answered, unhesitatingly, in the affirmative, and was ushered into an elegant drawing room, in which the lights from a thousand lamps, rivalled the splendour of day. The room was filled with a brilliant assemblage of company of both sexes, whose eyes seemed with one consent to fall upon the door as it opened to admit me. All looked surprised at the intrusion; and my own astonishment was not less, at perceiving that there was not an individual of the company whose face I had ever seen before. I begged pardon with as good a grace as I was master of, and said, that I had been invited, in the most pressing manner, by an old gentleman at the theatre, to call at this house;—here the young lady interrupted me, (the same who had met me at the door)

and addressing herself to a genteel middle aged man who stood apart, she said to him, "This gentleman, uncle, tells me, that he is the person invited by you to our entertainment." Here is some mistake, said I, this is not the gentleman from whom my invitation came—if this is your uncle, lady, I never saw him until this moment; and have only to regret, that my vanity, by inducing me too easily to listen to the advances of a stranger, has led me to be guilty of an intrusion, for which the only evidence I can give you of my sincere repentance, will be instantly to take my leave. I pray you to forgive my unintentional breach of decorum, and accept my respectful adieus. Saying this, I bowed, and was retiring, when the young lady, hastily whispering to her uncle, and court-seying to me, with downcast eyes, and glowing cheeks, addressed me thus: "Stranger, we accept your apology, and feel no doubt of the truth of your statement; some wretch has *intended* to practise an imposition, not only on you, but on *me*; but neither my uncle nor myself, can so far forget what is

due to the rules of hospitality, as to permit you to depart so abruptly. If you will have the goodness, therefore, to afford us an opportunity of introducing you to our company, we will endeavour to convert this little *contretemps* to your amusement."

You shall have the sequel of this story, my dear friend, in my next. Mr. O. who has promised to deliver this, has just called in to say he is on the *start*.

Your affectionate friend,

LETTER II.

DEAR O.

MY last letter ended with a promise to give you the sequel of my adventure, the other night, from the theatre. It was a scurvy trick, I acknowledge, to lead you just to the vestibule of the secret, and then leave you; but my paper was literally run out, and it was the only sheet within my reach. If, however, you have not forgotten the *beginning*, you will not be sorry now to have the *end*,—if there *can be* an end, to that which promises to last for ever. I ended, I think, just as the young lady had politely and modestly insisted on my partaking of the hospitality of her uncle, which had been set in such magnificent array *this evening*, for a very different purpose. There was something in her looks which spoke even

more kindly than her words, that forced me to forget the unfavourable light in which I must appear to the company, and to accept her invitation to remain. Having told her my name, therefore, she, with the most pleasing alacrity, presented me, first to her uncle, and then to the whole company *individually*. This ceremony over, she pointed to a seat in the recess, near which her uncle was sitting, and as if by preconcert, the latter immediately rose and offered his place to the lady. We were thus brought almost into contact, and separated from the rest of the company, not less by the depth of this *convénient recess*, than by the noise of numerous voices, all speaking at once. There seemed to be enchantment in the scene. I turned my eyes upon the lady, and a heavenly radiance seemed to beam from her eyes; her countenance assumed an angelick expression; an indescribable sweetness played upon her ruby lips; and every feature, as I gazed, opened to my enraptured sight, a vista through which I could distinctly see the never ending joys of heaven. I sat entranced. I

saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, but the divinity before me. I feared to speak, lest the vision might vanish at the sound of my voice. How long this paroxysm of rapture might have continued, I know not, had not the buz of voices suddenly ceased. The profound silence of the room awoke me from the trance. I looked around, and to my utter astonishment, the whole company had dispersed—we were the only occupants of the room. Tell me, said I, am I in a dream, or art thou in reality what thou seemest—a bright and lovely vision, that beckons to happiness? Where am I? What am I?—and what art *thou*? As I spoke thus incoherently and madly, I seized the lily hand of this enchanting beauty, and as I pressed it to my heart, exclaimed, Ah, thou art indeed all *reality*—thy pulses beat like mine—the same living fire rolls in our veins—thou art, then, mortal *flesh* and *blood*—a *woman*—but ah, how much more than woman's loveliness smiles in thy face, thy form, thy every feature!—Tell me thou hast not more than woman's obduracy, and, if *man* may win thee, let me

dream that thou art *mine*. The lovely creature made no effort to withdraw the hand, which was still grasped in mine ; but all blushing, as Aurora when she mounts to meet the God of day, she gently chid the flame that burned in my looks and words, and in a voice of more than seraphic sweetness, thus spoke—"To deny that this interview has given me pleasure, would be an affectation of prudery, foreign to my nature and feelings—my conduct must have already informed you of more, perhaps, than the strict rules of maiden modesty could justify. But I have been educated where thought, word, and action, were the spontaneous result of unrestrained emotion. I have been taught truth as the first principle of nature, and nature as the legitimate sovereign and guide of the heart. My feelings have therefore been my only rule of action ; what they have dictated, I have never hesitated to obey ; and under the constant care of a kind, affectionate, paternal guardian, I have hitherto avoided those errors which I know to be the consequence of *improper* feelings. My heart teaches

me, that you are worthy of the confidence I now repose in you ; and the result of that confidence must determine the nature of our further acquaintance. But the hours have flown by us unheeded, and the night is now too far advanced for—" Oh no! I exclaimed, say not so—let me not depart in this cruel suspense ; complete your confidence in me, and let my untarnished honor be your pledge that it shall not be abused. What are hours in the computation of hearts? Night and loneliness have nothing dreadful to innocence like thine! Go on, then, and continue to bless me with the sound of thy voice. She smiled a gracious assent, and thus continued: "Expect nothing extraordinary in the little story of my life—from my infancy I have been the destined bride of a youth whom I never saw. It has been the delight of my father and my uncle, to paint him to me in the richest colouring of manly endowments ; he is the son of their best and worthiest friend, who has looked forward to our union with equal hopes. Educated in France from his earliest infancy, neither my father nor my

uncle has seen him for eighteen years, but the former has held a constant correspondence with his tutors, and for the last year, with himself; and every thing has conspired to raise him higher and higher in our estimation. A few months ago, his portrait was sent to us at the request of my uncle; and, may I add, the sight of that made me an anxious participator in the wish of my friends. His face—but you shall see the picture, and judge what must have been the struggle of my feelings, as I met our expected guest at the door. He landed only this morning at Newcastle, my uncle flew to meet him on the road—returned dejected and out of humour, and told me to expect my destined husband at 11 this evening—the marriage ceremony was to have immediately followed his arrival, and to witness this, was the large company whom you have seen, assembled. I have little more to add: at the appointed hour you entered our house, and what has since happened, you have yourself witnessed. Here is the portrait, over which I have gazed until my eyes grew dim—but enough!” As she

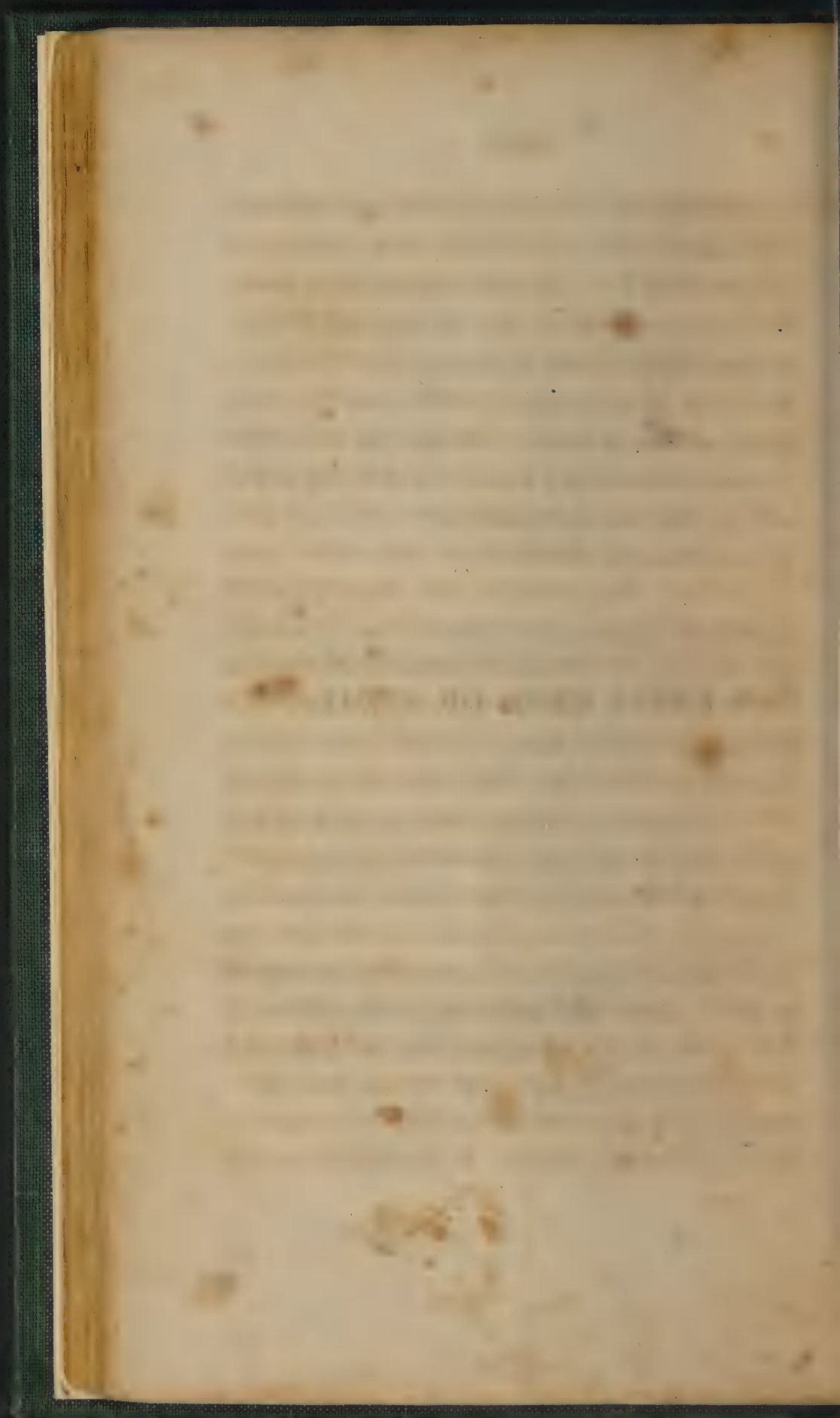
said this, she put into my hands a morocco case, which she drew from her bosom. I opened it with a jealous, trembling, indescribable emotion; but, O heavens! what was my astonishment, my ecstasy, when I looked upon *my own portrait*!—Tell me, said I, in mercy tell me instantly, the name of your expected lover? “Fitz Quizz,” said she, bending her eyes to the ground. O happiness unutterable! O mystery most joyously explained! I cried, he is already *married*! he is my friend and my constant companion. Now I can conceive, why he insisted on having my picture. But say, divine excellence, wilt thou confirm the transfer which, it is now evident, my friend Fitz Quizz intended to make to me of his right in you? That he never saw you, is the only excuse for his infidelity; but let me hope, that *three* persons are destined to be happy, when, but for this intervention of heaven, *two* might have been miserable. I had just dropped upon my knees, and snatched to my lips the hand of this fascinating girl, when the door opened, and the old gentleman, whom I had seen at the

theatre, entered, leading in Fitz Quizz and his wife. Fitz Quizz had no sooner entered, than he exclaimed, "That's right, my boy! I see its all as well settled with my fair friend here, as it has been elsewhere with her good father and myself. Having once seen us together, she will not be sorry that *I* am shackled, and *you* free—what say you, lady?" "Come, (said the old gentleman, who now announced himself as her father) I have my confessions to make also. I have been in the plot against you this evening, my child; but all I trust will end in your happiness. This gentleman deserves you, but I shall make no more matches; you are now your own mistress, and must determine as you please."

It would be tedious to enter into more minuteness, even had I time. Suffice it to say, that I am now received as the acknowledged lover of the charming Isabel, and that the day is fixed for our union. Will you come to the wedding? Adieu!

Your faithful friend,
and relation.

THE INFLUENCE OF NAMES.



WHOEVER has read the life and opinions of the immortal Shandy, must have seen enough to convince him, notwithstanding Shakespeare's slur upon the notion, that a name is every thing. It is true that "what we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet"—but we are not sure that it would have been called a rose, if it had had "an ancient and a fish-like smell." The name, then, has an important influence on its whole character—for suppose we call it a polecat we do not by that, literally transform it into a polecat, but like the Quaker we give it a bad name, that communicates to the mind by natural association, all the qualities of a polecat and

the fair noses that would have snuffed its fragrance, and been content to “die of a rose in aromattick pain,” turn with horror, and dam the olfactory canals, to exclude the ideal odour of a polecat, though the *thing* presented to their senses be the same. Thus it may be fairly said that the odour belongs to the name and not to the thing.

In the 16th vol. of the 9th Epistle of Magrodocius, de rerum natura, there is an affecting and highly interesting story, which though it has no connexion with the subject of this essay, may tend in its effect upon the reader to corroborate the position which I have advanced. It is for that purpose therefore I refer to it; and as the book is somewhat scarce, and may not be within the reach of the club, I shall give a brief excerption from that epistle of the learned and voluminous Chinese, as it has been translated by Mynderst Von Mangglelivre—or rather, my limits will compel me to give only a brief abstract of the tale; for were I to follow the words of the author or his paraphrastick translator, I could promise no end to the present session.

A young and lovely female, walking alone, on the smooth green turf, along the margin of the romantick and divine Scamander, on one of the sweetest and calmest evenings in the month of roses, by some unfortunate accident, or, as Magrodocius inclines to believe, by peculiar design of the Gods who invisibly attended her steps, slipt, and was precipitated into the flood. A youth, who, from the other side of the river, had been for some time, though unseen himself, watching the graceful steps of the fair nymph, saw her fall, and plunging into the stream, *accoutered as he was*, swam to her relief. He caught her with one arm, and struggling against the tide with the other, he succeeded in bringing his lovely burden to the shore. But the breath of life seemed to have departed, no pulse or motion gave hope that the toil and peril he had encountered to save her would be repaid with her return to life. He held her in his arms, chafed her cold and alabaster forehead, and even ventured to press his burning lips to hers, in hopes they might catch from his now fires a spark to rekindle their extin-

guished animation. He dared not, though she was insensible, though no eye could see him, attempt to loosen the zone that confined her dripping robe; though life might depend on it, his delicacy forbade the exposure which this must have made. He tore his hair, kissed her pale cheek, pressed her inanimate form to his bosom, and prayed to all the Gods by turns to restore her to herself, or unite him to her in death. Losing at length all hope, yet still unable to tear himself from the fatal spot, or to relinquish the grasp by which he yet held her in his arms, he started on his feet, looked wildly around, and then darted along the path which had led the beauteous nymph to the river. A few hundred yards brought him within view of a mansion, embedded in a grove of Acacia and Smilax, which concealed it from the sight, and almost from the knowledge of the surrounding country. It was at least unknown to the youth who now approached it, but not doubting that he should there find the succour so much needed, he entered its open portal, tottering under the weight of his burden, and calling

with frantick cries, upon its inmates for help.

(The translator of Magrodocius, has a note to this passage of the story, in which he is at great pains to show, that if the young man had done at first, what he was obliged to do at last, that is, if he had called aloud for assistance, or have carried the young lady in his arms along the same path, instead of wasting so much time on the bank of the river, without making any proper effort to recover her, he would have spared much unnecessary pain to himself and distress to the parents of the young lady. These remarks of Mynderst Von Mangglelivre are so just, that I could not forbear quoting them, though they have nothing to do with the present object—But a “truce to digressions.”)

“If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.” (Thus the learned Magrodocius goes on with the story, which gives occasion to another note by his translator, in which he incontestably proves, either that Shakespeare was a plagiarist, or that he wrote before the time of Magrodocius.) The cries of the

distracted youth, soon brought the peaceful inmates of this modest mansion to his presence ; but who shall paint the horror of the scene that followed ! who will attempt to depict the mingled madness, despair, rage, revenge and grief, that in quick succession convulsed the features of these parents, when they beheld in the lifeless body, which the youth still clasped to his beating bosom, the form and countenance of their daughter ! their only child ! “ Murderer ! they exclaimed, Monster ! O my child ! my child ! O complete thy bloody purpose and kill us too. O so fair, so soon faded ! could not our seclusion, nor thy innocence, protect thee, lovely flower ! ” Thus the afflicted father and mother, breathed the distraction of their souls, each alternately catching the lovely object for whom alone they lived, to their throbbing hearts. The youth, who stood before them, scarcely less the victim of contending feelings than themselves, essayed to speak ; but “ vox faucibus hæsit.” His eyes were rivetted on the face of her, for whom he was as ready to die, as those who had given her life—he saw, or thought

he saw, the flush of returning animation feebly lighten on her cheek—he watched its course with breathless anxiety—the lip seemed to move. “She lives, she lives,” he cried, and fell senseless at her feet.

I shall not pursue the minute detail which Magrodocius gives, of the process used for the recovery of the nymph, when her parents found that life was not wholly extinct; nor shall I follow him in his account of the peculiar properties that belong to the divine Scamander. Suffice it to say, that the nymph was roused from her asphixia, long before the youth was recovered from his swoon, with all her beauties brightened by the magick influence of the waves, which had received her before faultless form. She had even recovered sufficiently to watch the changing countenance of her deliverer—to put up a prayer for his safety, and drink large draughts of that passion, which is said to be so nearly allied to pity. She had never before seen the youth—she knew not how or whence he came; but she recollected her own mishap and guessed the rest. Gratitude, then, affection for her parents,

whose lives were saved in hers, every thing conspired to awaken an interest in the gallant stranger who had risked his life. Nor was this all. The youth needed none of these adventitious circumstances to make him an object of interest—he possessed such store of manly beauty, that no female eye could look upon him once, and not turn to gaze again. A form and face that would have made Apollo hide his head, added to a dignity of mien and port, which conscious excellence inspired, gave to his appearance a majesty of beauty, almost super-human. Is it wonderful then, asks the grave Magrodocius, that a single glance, under such circumstances, should have pierced the heart of this lovely, tender, grateful daughter?

(Here Mynderst Von Mangglelivre adds a note of seventy pages to show, that Magrodocius was ignorant of the tender passion—for says he, he would not have asked the question which he does, if he had known the common operations of love. It is impossible, continues the annotator, that love should ever do any mischief except at

first sight, it was therefore not at all wonderful, that the lady in this case should have had the business done for her at the first peep. He goes on with a long and profound metaphysical disquisition, on the various sorts of love, which I cannot but think formed the ground work of the Baron Swedenborg's speculations on that interesting subject. Those who are interested in seeing the note of Mynderst are referred to the volume already quoted, page 327 et sequentes.)

It is hardly necessary to pursue the story further, as its conclusion is, I dare say, already anticipated. When the youth recovered his senses, or rather his sensations, for his senses were still bewildered, he found himself lying on a sofa, the old man sitting beside him, and the old lady bending over him with anxious solicitude. His eyes wandered around the room, but they found not the object of their search, and were again for a moment closed. The mother, however, was too skilful a physician not to know the most effectual restorative. She called to her daughter, who had

dropped on her knees at the head of the sofa—"My love," said she, "the gentleman revives, give him that cup of wine"—and the blushing nymph in a moment stood before him, presenting, with trembling hands, the prescription of her mother. It was long before the youth could realize the objects before him, and believe them to be more than the fleeting phantoms of a feverish dream. But nothing lasts forever, and the story, like every thing else, must have an end. When sober tranquillity was once more restored, and the parents saw, that their daughter's happiness or misery depended on the unknown character of the deliverer, their first prudent inquiry was directed to this point; upon which the youth, after obtaining permission to revisit them, promised entire satisfaction, and darted through the grove like another Actæon. He soon fulfilled his promise, by bringing such testimonials as might have justified higher pretensions, and he was received as a daily and welcome addition to the little circle in the grove. After a decent time given to courtship, which in those days,

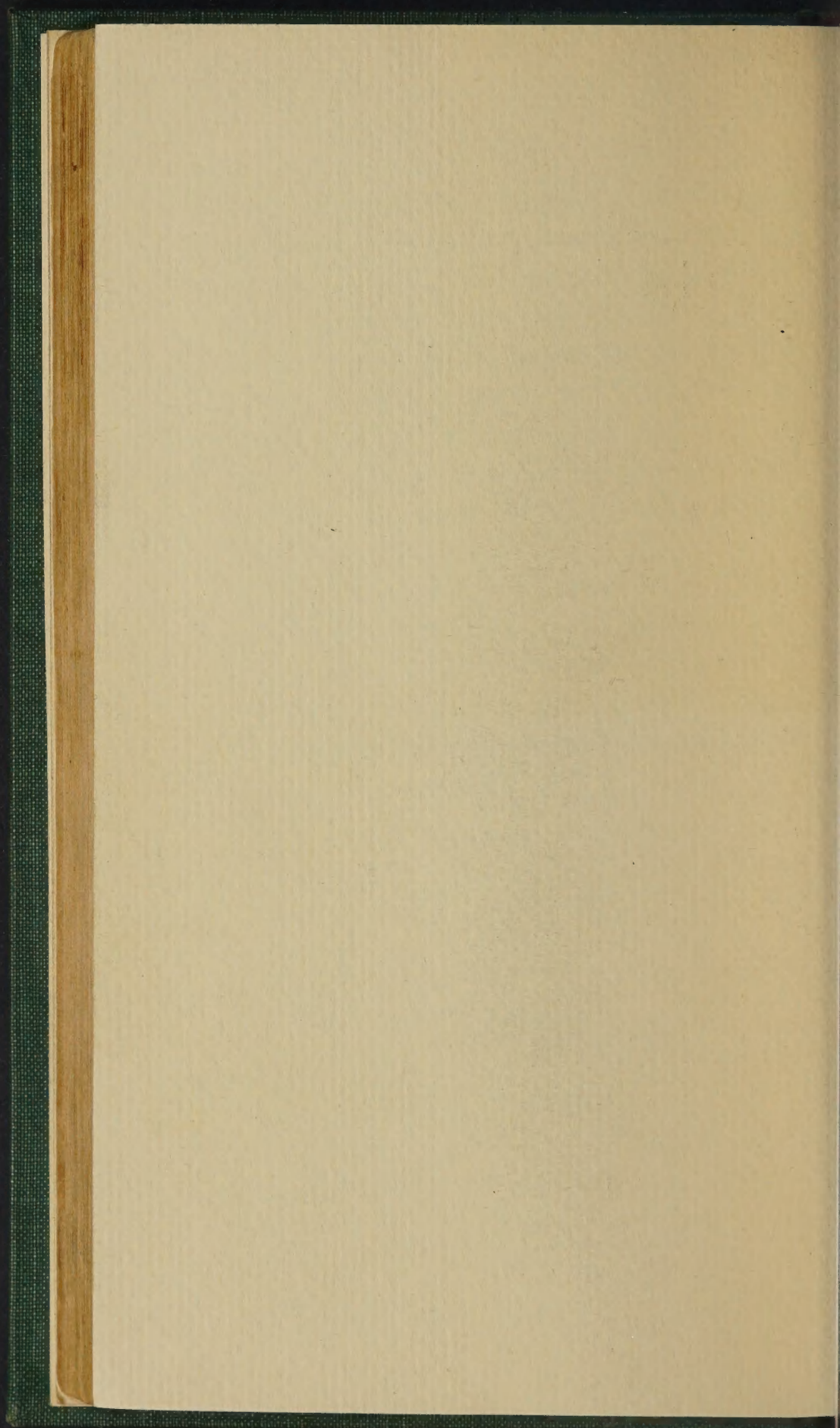
continues the minute Magrodocius, seldom lasted long, the parents of the lovely nymph bestowed her hand upon him who already possessed her heart. Magrodocius winds up the story, with much excellent advice to married people, and concludes with an epithalamium, which it would melt the heart of a Cordelier to read. His last words, and it was for the sake of these only that I have introduced the story, which might otherwise have remained locked up in the ponderous tomes of his German editor, until the final feast of worms:—his last words are: “And the name of the youth was Bobby Noodle and the nymph’s was Peggy Trot.”

Now, though Magrodocius is believed to be an author of veracity, and to have described things as he saw them, or according to evidence not to be doubted, yet would I venture to stake my new hat against an old one, that there is not a novel reader of the present day, who would not throw down the book in disgust, and swear that the whole story was a fabrication, when they come to the end of it, though they might

have sprinkled many a tear upon the page, as at midnight they sympathized with solicitous sensibility in the sufferings of the fair nymph, or dwelt with throbbing pulses on the picture of the beauteous youth. The ideal excellence associated with the description, would vanish at the sound of the *names*. No human testimony could satisfy them that those who bore such names, could be such persons.

But I need not have gone to Magrodo-cius, to prove the influence of names. We might find in our own times, and in our own city, many evidences of their important effects both upon societies and individuals.—For example * * * * *

THE END.



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